THE
COMMONWEAL

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THE RICH LITTLE POOR MAN

THE year that is just beginning will be memorable for the septi-centenary of Saint Francis of Assisi. On October 4, 1926, seven hundred years will have passed since the little poor man of Umbria closed his eyes upon the world, to open them upon a realm where the values which his brief life had been spent in asserting assumed their real and eternal values. The occasion will be worthily observed in New York by the assembling of delegates from all over the world, representing the famous Third Order which was the Saint's great legacy to the world.

Although the actual celebration is still some months ahead, this does not seem a bad moment, coming, as it does, so soon after the day on which the world chooses to close one yearly instalment of its effort and to label it with the date it will bear through history, for us to regard the lesson of Saint Francis and speculate how it comes about that a life, which inverted all the values by which men assess success or failure, has never ceased to exercise an attraction which seems to grow stronger instead of weaker the further the age recedes from its ideals.

To ascribe one besetting vice to each epoch is poor and unscientific history. In every age the Decalogue —regarded from the point of view of its infractions— has received pretty fair and equable treatment at the hands of the world. Nevertheless, if there are not besetting sins in each generation, there are at least what might be called overtopping ones. Ancient wisdom furnishes us with a catalogue of capital sins and capital virtues which roughly balance one another. It must be evident that any particular set of circumstances, inherent in the spirit of any particular age, which tends to depress the virtue, adds enormously to the volume and distribution of the vice.

It is doing our present age no injustice to see in it a quite remarkable and universal subscription to the evil principle of covetousness. Concealing its ugly face under the mask of a good many reputable and unassailable impulses, progress, social betterment and what not, the desire to "get," to possess and amass, threatens to become the mainspring of social life. Its infiltrations are so stealthy, it has so eminent a faculty for vitiating and turning to its own ends instincts in themselves respectable, that it is difficult to draw a hard and fast line that will leave vice on one side and virtue on the other.

But that covetousness is omnipresent, and that its work in supplying unworthy motives for acts in themselves innocent and even meritorious, threatens to amount to a positive undermining of the national integrity, is as plain as daylight. A glance through the

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advertising columns of any weekly or monthly will supply the dubious with all the evidence to this effect an honest mind can require. Salesmanship, using as it does the arguments that are known to be most immediately effective, is no bad barometer to popular character. When so many bankers and bond-houses, advocates of thrift and foresight, apostles of the sound mind in a sound body, peddlers of superficial culture to be culled from printed scrap-books of the world's wisdom, authorities on social usages and broadcasters of uplift, discard the many worthy motives that might suggest themselves and address the acquisitive instinct alone—when bigger payrolls, better jobs, higher social consideration and more leisure to "enjoy the good things of life" make up the vision that they hold before eyes of youthful "prospects"—it is evident that, in the minds of the very shrewd and instructed men who write these things, there is no doubt upon which side of its instincts the present generation is most accessible. The god of "getting on" need regard no sanctuary as inviolable when all are secured to him in advance. The evil worked by this unhallowed subscription to false values becomes apparent when society is called upon for an expression of indignation as regards some particularly flagrant act of greed and monopoly—some spectacular application of the spirit of acquisitiveness on a big scale. Too often the indignation is not forthcoming because the faculty that supplies it has been deadened by familiarity with the same spirit evidenced in petty and trivial aspects.

What stands out in Francis's life is the entire absence of a sense of personal possession, an entire contentment with the proprietary rights he shared in common with his fellow mortals. The treasures which are priceless, precisely because they cost nothing, were the things he held dear. William James has identified as our great racial failing the "fear of poverty," and has shown, conclusively as was his wont, how, even among those who refuse consistently to bow the knee to Mammon, this fear and respect for alien values is cheating us of a heritage of joy and pleasure that might be ours for the asking. The most deadly indictment that can be brought against our present mechanical and material age, is not so much that it has rendered money necessary in order for life to be enjoyed—this has always been so more or less—but that it has made the getting of money a necessity if life is to be endured. What Mr. Sinclair Lewis has so eloquently and justly termed "the holy simplicities of all the world" are put out of the poor man's reach today because the rich man, and the man who would be rich, adjudge them worthless; and because it is the standards that the rich and covetous erect which govern production. A level of material achievement is drawn, quite arbitrary, and in no way essential to human happiness, since generations of men have been happy without it. Below it, all falls into ruin and decay. Everything the poor man sees around him enforces the bitter lesson of failure, the sense almost of being a creature living in another age. Occasional rebels make their gesture of dissent, and withdraw to garrets and cellars; or if they are very lucky, to as much of the countryside as acquisitiveness has left unspoiled. But for one who can turn his back upon the struggle, and defeat its exorbitant demands by a retrenchment of his own requirements for happiness, a thousand must fight on, with little heart for the fight, consoling themselves for the happiness that has been put out of their reach by such a Thébaide, as, God be thanked, every man may erect in his own heart.

It is to such harassed souls, far more numerous than the obliterations of our modern day allow men to guess, that the message of Francis comes home with its full force and consolation. For what Francis preëminently did was to take the sting out of poverty and the ugliness it brings in its train. The message of universal love that he breathed rather than preached, embraced everything, great and small, gracious things or unseemly things alike. There was never the slightest hatred in his heart, even for the things that righteousness seems to give us license to hate. Were he living today there is not the slightest doubt he would intone a canticle to little brother steam and little brother turbine. He had the rapture in every phase of life, so long as it be innocent of moral offense, that only comes to the man who realizes fully the transient nature of his pilgrimage. Everything is bearable when everything is felt as passing.

Piero Misciatelli, one of the most eloquent of the Saint's modern panegyrists, puts the case very well when he tells us that Francis taught men how in the midst of poverty they might be rich—and offered as compensation to those who had few earthly goods, all the treasures of the poets and the saints.

"To him," says Misciatelli, "the meanest of living creatures taught their lesson of humility. His heart leapt up when he looked at flame. Spring-water inebriated him with its beauty. The sun was the eye of God. Every living and growing thing for the Saint of Assisi is a prodigy, a symbol, a masterpiece.

"Francis unearthed a pure vein of life, hitherto hidden from men's eyes. He kept the spirit of love alive in an age of injustice and violence. His will was that 'the great should mingle with the lowly, the wise with the simple; that a bond of love should bring far neighbors close together.' And he accomplished his miracle. The harsh Franciscan cord became a symbol of royalty in the escutcheon of kings. Men like Columbus and Dante Alighieri wore it next their body as a protective against their dominant passion.

"What was the secret of this Umbrian apostle? What he asked for was a faith transformed into action. The remedy he proposed was simple, but deadly hard to achieve. For, then as now, human wills reared the obstacle that prevents the intellect from regarding truth, steadily and whole."

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WEEK BY WEEK

ON December 8, President Coolidge enjoyed a little triumph when he told the Middle-West that "although it is gratifying to know that farm conditions as a whole are encouraging, yet we ought not to cease our efforts for their constant improvement." Speaking as the leader of comfortable Republicanism, he made a very good case for the tariff, emphasizing the fact that it had been fixed to aid the farmer, for whom "the total adverse cost of the tariff is only between 2 percent and 3 percent of his purchases." We were left to infer that hangovers from the old Populist mood, looking for increased prosperity in new flirtations with Free Trade, appeared absurd and inconsequential to the administration. Some silence was observed amid the applause which followed; but the observant attributed this to "meditation" on the part of the audience. But on December 27, Mr. Costigan, of the tariff board, sharply attacked the "partisanship" of his organization, declaring that "a congressional investigation of the Tariff Commission under the flexible provisions would appear to be an indispensable forerunner of any legislative correction of the present little understood and regrettable situation." And on the very next morning Senator Capper shocked all of Washington by announcing that a "political tornado" might follow a refusal by Congress to modify the Fordney-McCumber law, under which "the farmer gets the short end of it."

CROP conditions have changed the agricultural attitude toward the tariff. The farmer is not interested in what duty does to his purchasing power—he is angrily aware that it adds nothing to his marketing power. Republicanism cannot afford such anger. It dare not risk a middle-western revolt compared with which the manifestos of the insurgent bloc would be pigmy parades. What can be done? The day might be saved by passing the McNary-Haugen bill, which, calling as it does for price-fixing and a federal export corporation, would mean the complete defeat of every fundamental principle for which Secretary Jardine has stood. It has been frankly and repeatedly condemned in the Coolidge addresses—and it is obviously class legislation of the most paternalistic sort. But there happens to be a subtle and sinister likeness between the aims of this bill and the purpose of protection. Duty rates do fix the prices at which many industrial commodities are sold; the McNary-Haugen bill arranges to fix the prices at which agricultural produce may be sold. There is the rub—and unpleasant as it is for Republicanism, it happens also to open up a vista none too reassuring for the average citizen. If major crops are to be marketed under government control, there is no ultimate reason why minor crops should not also be so marketed. If the principle of price-fixing is to prevail, then resolute protection is likewise in order; and the movement toward lower tariff rates ought logically to stop.

THE farmer has been the victim of many circumstances. He has never been organized for the control of his markets, and he has been plucked by a hundred varieties of speculator. War-time inflation of realty values made his land so high in price that fair profit became virtually impossible. While monopolies have arisen to control almost every kind of manufacture or public utility, the farmer has remained a capitalist on a small scale hampered by non-coöperative distributiveness. It really would seem as if the way out of these difficulties must be found in removing them—not by trying to establish an agricultural monopoly subsidized by the government and open to just as continuous and fluctuating an opposition as the tariff has been—but rather by doing everything possible to make coöperation an effective reality.

THE alumni of Wisconsin University have formally rebuked the board of regents for refusing a handsome gift from the Rockefeller fund. Whatever may be said about the ethical circumstances under which this money originated, they declare, it is money, nevertheless, and rather valuable. The regents, you see, had plainly reversed the inference. They had said that whatever may be stated about the value of this money, it sprang from the bosom of privilege and predatory wealth. It is an interesting difference of opinion. If the university wishes to be free from all possible interference on the part of financial interests, the safe thing to do is unquestionably to fuel its own launch and owe nobody anything. The stand is admirable but—we

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concede to the alumni—slightly difficult to maintain. Is Mr. Rockefeller's money so closely identified with the root of evil that it cannot even be given away and must, unlike mercy, curse him that gives and takes? One trembles to think of the corruption spread by the famous shining dimes. The area of infection is almost beyond estimate. If a publicly supported institution cannot receive a stringless donation from a wealthy man, possibly the government ought to refuse the taxes levied upon his fortune. We concede that all these plutocratic roses have their thorns. It is an ugly sight, the cajoling promenade by the officers of small and crowded colleges round the offices of men who can write checks. Sometimes they cringe like Uriah Heep, and sometimes they lie like Ananias. When the drive is on, you wonder what the college is really for, concluding that, even as the mushroom, it exists to grow.

THE bequest by the late Frank Munsey of the major part of his immense fortune, presumably to be used by the Metropolitan Museum in ransacking the world for its treasures of art, has come as a surprise to intimates who were unaware that aesthetic interests played any part at all in the life of the great press merger and purveyor of popular fiction. One may respect and admire the civic spirit of the dead man, and yet perceive something vaguely ominous and unreal in this post-obituary allegiance to something from which the donator's whole life lay apart, evidenced on such an overwhelming scale. To seek to put within the reach of millions of men pleasures for which a life spent in amassing millions of dollars left no room, may be a gesture of reparation—or of sarcasm. It is by the pursuits to which a life was devoted, and not by the wealth for which the shroud proverbially has no pockets, that the verdict of success or failure must be sought. The very temperate comment which has followed Mr. Munsey's munificent gift, when compared to the chorus of praise that would have greeted a similar bequest twenty or thirty years ago, looks like proof that the American public, perhaps through satiety, is wavering in its allegiance to the dollar standard as applied to art.

IN any case, it is clear that the self-respect of Europe is becoming aroused over the danger to its heritage of art that lies in such colossal bequests to American galleries and museums. In a letter published by the New York Herald-Tribune, from the Duc de Trevise, the purpose of this French art lover in coming to America to plead for a less summary and covetous attitude toward the threatened treasures in his own country, is further elucidated. The Duke is president of a society five years old, named the Society for the Safeguarding of French Art, and its work is to campaign for "the preservation of the national treasures belonging to the government and the municipalities," not under glass cases or roofs in a far land, but in the towns and countrysides where they have stood for centuries.

DETAILS of the situation which the new society has set out to remedy are heartrending to any lover of art whose affection is untainted by covetousness. Museums practically abandoned through lack of funds, rusting armor, stained glass falling out of its leads, tapestries being sold piecemeal, the tomb of the great Bayard in a damp cellar! And the ubiquitous dealer flourishing "real money" before the eyes of impoverished city fathers. At one village in the Haute Garonne, only the determined attitude of the "embattled farmers" of the neighborhood prevented the dismantling of a carved stone doorway that had been an ornament of the episcopal palace of the bishops of Comminges for 500 years. This incident seems a sufficient answer to the plea so often made that those who own and undervalue the goods are the real tempters in the matter of their dispersal and sale.

WEALTHY American art lovers will show a very worthy attitude toward the whole question and rid their fair name of the stigma of acquisitiveness that rests upon it in distracted Europe if they coöperate along the lines the Duc de Trevise suggests and subscribe for the preservation of European art—"in situ"—at least during the years that must pass before financial economic readjustment takes place. The sense of a common property in beauty is already present, as the munificent gifts made to restore ecclesiastical property ruined by the war sufficiently show. But the danger of a loss that never could be repaired through the grinding years of poverty that are war's aftermath, if less dramatic, is no less actual. The popularizing and cheapening of European travel despite the damnable apparatus of passports, duties and restrictions of all sorts that are a legacy of four years' hate and suspicion, is one of the most cheering signs of our times. In helping Europe to preserve in their old home the things that make travel worth while, the American benefactor is serving the American people just as literally and efficaciously as though the treasures his dollars uproot and ship were uncrated and displayed in our national museums.

A FRAGMENT of mediaeval sculpture set on a bright new marble pilaster is an anomalous oddity, like a wig or a wooden leg. It is hard to see for what reason such homeless, weather-beaten relics are welcomed, other than their grotesque kinship with Ceylon idols and Indian totems, relished by that mood for eclectic exoticism which is so generally a disease of taste. Amiens and Chartres themselves uncover the world of the thirteenth century only to the regally studious. Delusions of the picturesque are sometimes charming but never creative. The Duc de Trevise demands a French law strictly forbidding the exportation of art. Perhaps an American mandate against the importation of dead nobleness would contribute its bit toward nursing the infancy of our native arts.

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THE speech of Lord Halifax on the reunion of the churches which was delivered at Louvain, gains immensely in pathos and significance from the great age and long record of work done for God by the venerable English peer. The figure of the leader of the extreme high party in the Anglican church is one to which Catholics have no hesitation in giving its due place in the large category of those whom they love to term the "soul of the Church." The excellent press despatch sent from Louvain to the National Catholic Welfare news service by Father Van der Heyden, gives us a vivid picture of this aged leader of a cause whose triumph he cannot, humanly speaking, hope to see realized before his earthly eyes, and whose ears already have closed upon earthly sounds and controversies, stretching trembling hands toward his vast audience and praying for the day when "all the nations of the earth will meet in Saint Peter's, one fold under one shepherd, to sing a Te Deum of reconciliation."

GOD'S ways with men are unsearchable. During the six decades throughout which the "grand old man" of the Anglican church has been working untiringly for a reunion which would recognize what he conscientiously considers the maximum of compromise that the English High Church party can bring as its contribution, thousands of souls, no less in love with the Anglican via media than he, laymen and ordained ministers too, have tired of the struggle, have made the sacrifice of will, hardest of all for man to make, and have found peace and a new meaning to religious life behind the façade of refusal to compromise on doctrine which once must have appeared so harsh and forbidding. A despatch just received from London, tells of the ordination of one converted Anglican rector, only ten years younger than Lord Halifax, to the Catholic priesthood. There is no need to insist upon the long struggle that such an amazing incident implies, the years of wrestling in prayer, during which, to the pathetic plea—"all these things have I kept from my youth," the only answer, terrible in the invariableness of its tenor, has been—"one thing only is lacking to you." Such things are matters rather for contemplation than for the written word. But the admiration that the Church keeps for those who yield, does not exclude a warm regard for those who as yet have only been able to turn "sorrowfully away" from the final demand. Their character, the sanctity of their lives, are reassurance that their work is in God's hands.

FROM a far different quarter comes news that must cheer those who are watching the heavens for the dawn of the universal church. The Reverend Augustine Count Galen, O.S.B., president of the Catholic Union, a society for the reunion with Rome of the separated Christians of Russia and the Near East, who has just returned to the United States after several months in Europe in the interests of his work, reports that everywhere the ideal of one fold and one shepherd has taken hold of the popular imagination and is meeting with an enthusiastic response. He spoke particularly of the great reunion week held in Brussels under the patronage of His Eminence Cardinal Mercier as a great step in its progress toward actuality. At this conference Dr. Galen made two addresses, and many other leaders, both Catholic and orthodox, took part. He returns to the United States with the direct request of the Holy Father that the work of the Catholic Union be made known as widely as possible here. In view of the inroads which Bolshevism is making in many quarters, such a movement, designed to offset its atheistic propaganda at the source, is most needed. That our own country is by no means exempt has been demonstrated by the incorporation, just reported in the daily press, of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, whose purpose, though stricken out by the court in the articles of incorporation, is expressed in its statement that it aims to "eradicate belief in God and to fight the Church."

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI has never issued an edict in favor of the virtue of restraint, and so far as is known few symptoms of this noble quality have appeared among his followers. Close on the heels of a hymn to Italian empire has followed the promise that Rome "must appear as a marvel to all the world—vast, ordered and powerful as it was in the time of the first empire of Augustus." In detail we are informed that the great churches must be freed from "the profane, parasitical constructions which now cling to them;" that the Pantheon shall be "visible from the Piazza Colonna through a wide avenue;" and that, apparently, there will be boulevards and terrace gardens all the way to the sea. Everybody must agree that this would be Rome and room enough; and the prospect is ghastly. Not Michael Angelo speaks nor even Viollet-le-Duc, but a modern politician without a single first class architect within radius of the radio. Some people remember the realistic horror with which Francis Marion Crawford described what happened in Rome during the days which followed the coming of Victor Emmanuel—a nightmarish upheaval of ugliness on a gigantic scale, like a particularly bad epic in the rhythm of real estate. Is there to be another such eruption? These disturbances are bad enough in Florida and, let us say, Berlin. But one cannot refrain from hoping that if Signor Mussolini is bound to have a Siegesallee, he be speedily made king of the Sahara—a wonderful place for the business of burying cities.

THE story of the stage is dotted with epochs of closed doors and drawn curtains. Perhaps the very name "legitimate" suggests an opposite. But what can be done in the present century to control a form of entertainment so firmly entrenched behind money and public favor? Time was when the Reverend Jeremy

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Collier might, with a single pamphlet, codify popular disapproval and halt the tremendous dissoluteness of Dryden. Organization of this sort is manifestly impossible in our chaotic era, in which even the mightiest of cabals can only make a law. But in his New Year's sermon to members of the Holy Name Society, gathered for communion in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, Father Eugene Callahan raised a hand that may potentially be very effective against one aspect of dramatic lawlessness. Why should profanity—especially in forms akin to blasphemy—be a part of stage dialogue? Even the worst of the Restoration wits respected the name of the Redeemer and would not suffer their roués to mouth it. But so firmly entrenched behind the scenes have glorified harlotry and Monte Carlo atheism become, that no leprosies of irreverence are banned from display. The Holy Name Society has for its chief object the cessation of such irreverence. It is also powerful enough to gain respect for its desire. By encouraging others who venerate the person of Christ—whether these be faithful Protestants or cultivated people who understand the significance of Christianity—to share their hostility toward erotic profanity, they might send blasphemy, at least, scurrying off stage. If only the hiss which is invited would respond and grow into old-fashioned thunder, the mimicry of vileness would go out of fashion as quickly as darkness fades in the glare of Broadway.

A FRENCH authority has recently been carrying out an intensive investigation into the surnames of his fellow countrymen, and has published the results of his labors in La Nature. Surnames did not come into existence at all in France until somewhere about the ninth and tenth centuries, when the feudal system was being stabilized; indeed it was not until the fifteenth century that surnames, tending to become family names, began to become usual. The fixing of the custom doubtless came from the fact that about that date registers began to be established in some parishes. It is a remarkable thing that Jewish family names were legalized in France as recently as 1808. Dr. Dauzat finds four classes of names—just as they may be found in England, Germany and elsewhere. First of all, there are those which are individual names, such as Henri, Louis, or diminutives like Jacoton, Cottin. Secondly, there are the numerous place-names of location or habitation—Delarue, Dubois. The third group includes occupational names, Fournier, Bouvier and so on; and the fourth, what might be called nicknames, Bossuet, Le Grand, Le Gros. The interested reader can amuse himself some wet afternoon by sorting out his acquaintances, and he will find that they drop into one or another of these categories. There are some instances, too, in which the individual name of the mother, such as Marguerite, Collette, and so on, has been handed down as a surname.

THE SUBSTANCE OF SELF

THE business of getting one's self analyzed has become popular. Some people have faith in the stars; and the eagerness for horoscopes has increased so much that one American city reports an average of two astrologists for every one thousand of the population. Professional advisers on character have set themselves up in polished offices and employed salesmen to drum up a booming trade. And, of course, the varied forms of psychiatry have a clientele which runs into the thousands. Now it is easy to criticize the whole affair, but it does respond to a very direct need of the time. Men and women find it increasingly difficult to establish the right sort of connection with an era which is ruthlessly hostile to failure and which crushes human weakness as a bad boy crushes flies. In a small mid-western city, a gentleman who for many years had been employment manager for a large corporation, advertised his readiness to give advice to high-school boys and girls. The response was so generous that lack of time prevented his interviewing more than a fraction of those who came; and he found that the anxiety and interest of these mere youngsters were as astonishing as any phenomena he had ever witnessed. Perhaps we are paying a heavy fine for nomadic tendencies inculcated by a long national indulgence in adventure. Were sons in the habit of taking up their father's task, less mystification would lie in the future. Were girls even normally sure of marriage and a domestic life, they would not be so dizzy with indecision. But these are provisos which no possible agency can introduce. Modernity will stay, at least a while.

It was only natural that the whole problem should come up for consideration at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Of particular interest was the news that the late Samuel Gompers had become interested in methods of psychological selection which up until now have been illustrated chiefly by the Taylor system. "The British Institute of Psychology," said Dr. James McKeen Cattell, of New York, "has been successful in securing the coöperation of workers and has in some directions increased production by 40 percent with decreased fatigue. In every field of activity, from the use of the pick and shovel, of typewriter and ledger, through the factory and office, to the organization of the work of the Executive or the Congress of the nation, investigations might be made, which, if put into effect, would add from 10 to 100 percent to effective productivity and lessen to an equal extent effort and fatigue." The point of view thus set forth is worthy of the deepest attention. It means that we are prepared to recognize once more the personality as a matter of basic importance in the conduct of life. Could the task suggested by Dr. Cattell be carried out, the habit of mere quantitative estimate of workers as "cogs in the machine" would slowly disappear. Science might be able to afford accurate information to those who now

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seek help from amateurish quacks and sham methods.

The implications of such study as that advocated by Dr. Cattell lie very deep. In many respects they have a valuable parallel in history: the whole idea of such scientific rules for living as those drawn up by Saint Ignatius, for instance, was to make possible the selection of individuals for a certain kind of service, and to guarantee at least relative success and efficiency. Our modern education problem is to get rid of teaching habits which force conveniently arranged adult abstractions upon children and young people—a problem which we are trying to solve in the very fashion of the mediaeval popular education, which always and everywhere indulged in the concrete and the visual. And in a recent issue of the New York Times, Mr. Thomas Jesse Jones declared that "a true preparation for life" must depend upon "a consciousness of the community" —thus repeating for us a lesson expressed by mediaeval life in the building of Chartres and the formation of the guilds. We believe these mediaeval practices resulted from a thorough conviction that the human personality is not a dot, or a number, or a brass check, but a distinct and treasurable reality entitled to share in the creative expression of the common life.

Naturally, the thing in which science is interested must be the individual as he is, rather than the individual as he ought to be. In so far as the discipline of character is concerned, formulae arrived at in the laboratory always will lack the richness of complex living. Growth of soul depends upon the development of the spiritual senses—and this most fundamental of educative processes must remain the task of religion and, to a lesser degree, of literature and the arts. The strongest of all arguments for God is the everlasting need of God. The finest of all pleas for humanism is the fact that by it we are kept human. But the prospect for a more definite attentiveness to the personality of men and women offers a resplendent opportunity for coöperation between religion, science, and the arts, for elimination of misery and increased contentment.

NEANDERTHAL MAN

THE race, called Neanderthal from the fact that the first recorded specimen was found in the valley of the little river, Neander, near Düsseldorf, has been much discussed lately, due to the interest in the discoveries in connection with it.

Controversy raged at first over the original specimen which was supposed to be all sorts of things, from the skull of an idiot to that of a quite modern man. Then a number of other similar specimens were found, including the celebrated Gibraltar skull and those at the Chapelle aux Saintes, so that it became clear that there was in early days a race of men possessing the characteristics belonging to the first skull—chiefly very heavy brows which probably gave their possessors a fierce and lowering look. Then it was thought that these people were the ancestors of all the inhabitants of Europe, and this view is strongly put forward by Sir Arthur Keith in his earlier books. But he and others have changed their minds and now tell us that Neanderthal man died out, or perhaps was exterminated by what is supposed to have been the superior race of Cro-Magnon.

Until quite recently it was believed that these Neanderthals were to be found only in Europe—a view which must now be discarded in the light of recent discoveries, notably that of the Galilee skull found by Mr. Turville-Petre, an account of which appeared in these columns a short time ago. Further, the Mongolian expedition of the American Museum has found skulls of this race among the remains of the "dune-dwellers," and a Russian explorer has found others in the Crimea.

The very puzzling skull known as the Rhodesian skull is said to present some of the characters of the race, but everything concerned with that specimen is so wrapped in uncertainty that no conclusions are safe.

The Pond expedition, excavating recently in the Sahara, now have come upon implements which they say are characteristic of this race. The operations in the Sahara are still in their extreme infancy and we must wait for further information before we can hope to see the full import of these discoveries. It must be remembered that, for the ethnologist, Europe does not end with the Mediterranean, which, from his point of view, is a mere incidental inland lake. It ends with the northern limit of the Sahara, and that limit is now very much further north than it once was. That is shown to be true, even of Roman times, by the great deserted city of Timgad, once a centre of high culture, now uninhabitable—or again the city of Siwa, once the centre of the worship of Jupiter Ammon, now inhabited by a rapidly disappearing tribe of Arabs. The first of these is wholly, the latter only partially, deprived of water supply by the drying up of the Sahara owing to movements of the land.

But previous to Roman times the Sahara was fertile and even forested, and the remains of that age are to be found in the oases where are marooned crocodiles and hippopotami. In that period, Neanderthal man may well have colonized this area. Did he cross Palestine from Asia, as Abraham was to do later? And did he make his way from Africa to what we call Europe by one or other of the land-bridges at the Straits of Gibraltar and at Sicily which we know to have existed? Negroid skeletons have been found in South Europe, and according to Professor Dixon of Harvard, there is a strong streak of Negroid blood in the Nordics.

Nothing but excavations such as those now being conducted can throw light on matters concerned with the early history and wanderings of man. But one fact emerges—that wherever searches are made, it is man who appears and not an intermediate creature.

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JUSTICE FOR JUDGES

By DANIEL J. McKENNA

UPON America's acceptance of the principle that stern justice is a more effective preventative of crime than sentimental coddling, must it base any dam against its deplorable wave of lawlessness. The demand for a more efficient enforcement of our criminal law has become articulate within recent years, and countless suggestions have been made as to how this may be gained. Many of these suggestions have merit and are the fruit of thoughtful study. But most of them ignore or miss one of the most fundamental obstacles to law enforcement in the United States. That obstacle is public sentiment with reference, not to the criminals, but to the courts.

Law enforcement rests primarily in the hands of the courts. To them is entrusted the duty of trying the accused criminal so that he shall receive neither more nor less than exact justice. But judges in this country are hampered by the conscious or unconscious tradition that they are dangerous fellows who will take a mile if given an ell. There is a widespread, although unfounded and unacknowledged, idea that the men who sit on our bench are either human orgres, true successors to Lord Jeffreys, who would, if they could, take a cruel pleasure in imposing severe penalties not in proportion to the offenses, or that they know too little about the law to be entrusted with much discretion in applying it. The statutes which surround the authority of our trial courts with all sorts of bars and restrictions, the interpretations of our state and federal Bills of Rights have tacitly permitted the inference that the power of the judges who actually try the cases should be narrowly circumscribed.

The popular suspicion of the courts is based largely upon historical grounds. In the eighteenth century and earlier, when the American colonies were being exploited as assets of England, according to the accepted colonial policy of the age, the administration of justice was marred by much unfairness and brutality. Remembering this fact and also remembering the legal abuses which then existed in England itself, the founders of the United States resolved to prevent such noxious weeds from ever growing in the new republic. The result was the embodiment of a bill of rights in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states which was not merely advisory to the sovereign, as in the case of the original English Bill of Rights, but which actually deprived the sovereign's agents of any power to transgress the limits set by the Constitution.

The American theory of limiting the legal power of government necessarily follows from our concept of a constitution as being the channel through which flows the authority delegated by the sovereign people to the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the state. This concept, which is perfectly workable in most instances, should not be altered. Indeed, it could not be altered without a social and political upheaval. But an increasingly complex civilization keeps making greater and greater demands upon the authority and jurisdiction of our courts, and to meet these demands, the constitutional grant of power to the judiciary should be liberalized and enlarged. As Roscoe Pound, dean of the Harvard Law school and one of the ablest lawyers in the world, has pointed out, our judicial system was well fitted to serve a rural or semi-rural nation, like this country was at the time of the Revolution, but it is unable to cope with the problems arising out of the "excessive urbanization"—to use a phrase which Ferrero applied to ancient Rome—of our country at the present time.

If a criminal felt that his chance of escaping conviction in the first place, or of gaining a new trial in case of conviction, were as slight as it is in England, he would have the same healthy respect for the law which the English criminal feels. The degree of penal severity is not so important. A potential law-breaker probably would be influenced as much by the prospect of going to jail for five years as for ten. The important question would be whether he was going to jail at all, and not so much that of his duration in jail. A small penalty, inflexibly enforced, is of far greater value than a large penalty of doubtful enforcement against any specific law-breaker. The greatest element upon which the criminal relies is his belief that the state is impotent to punish him for his misdeeds. Destroy this illusion, and punishment, even if mild, will act as a deterrent.

The courts should be given enough power so that when they tried a man, his trial would remain a closed incident, except in plain cases of injustice or legal error. That does not mean that his actual rights should be jeopardized or that the courts should be in a position to go beyond the printed statutes and punish him for something which the legislature never said was a crime. It does not mean that a prisoner should be forbidden to question the constitutionality of the statute under which he stood accused. His substantive rights should not be impaired, but the procedure of the courts should be sufficiently flexible so that he could not demand a new trial on some technicality not really touching the question of his guilt or innocence. After all, the latter question is the only one which should be of interest to the community.

Trial by jury has been found after centuries of experience, to be the most effective and least dangerous method of answering this question, but if science should

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give the state some instrument for looking into a prisoner's mind and reading therein the scroll of conscience, juries would become obsolete. Conversely, if the various methods of torture, which formerly were used to extort evidence from reluctant witnesses, actually had produced reliable testimony, which they never did, and if their efficiency had not been outweighed by their cruelty, the rack and the boot still might find employment. Torture failed in its purpose because men would confess almost any falsehood in order to escape it. Trial by jury, with its rule-of-thumb methods, finally evolved and it still remains a reasonably safe and humane method of determining the extent of legal guilt.

But so long as a jury is left free to determine this matter, it has no reason to demand further privileges. It is only a means to an end and not the end itself, which some enthusiastic demagogues have imagined it to be. If a judge be able to assist a jury in deciding the question of guilt or innocence, he should be permitted to do so. To restrict his conduct and muzzle his advice, because of a superstitious regard for the verdict of twelve more or less competent individuals, is nonsense.

The authority of the trial judge should be enlarged in regard to—The conduct of the attorneys; the admission of evidence; and the giving of aid to the jury.

The judge should be given sufficient authority to hold the attorneys to a strict discussion of the one question at issue and to prevent them from wasting time upon such absurd tangents as characterized the Scopes trial. If such a policy were carried out, it would enormously shorten the time now consumed in any court in America.

The judge should have very wide discretion in determining whether or not evidence is admissible. This does not necessarily mean destroying the present rules of evidence. It means that the court should be able to carry out the principle that evidence is nothing but a means for the discovery of truth. This principle works out well in the law of the Continent—it would work equally well here. In the absence of gross abuse or of plain lack of probative connection between the testimony and the issue, the action of the trial court should be free from review. In other words, the judge should not be merely an automaton, determining whether or not the words of the witness conform to certain immutable rules of evidence. These rules should be liberalized so as to guide the court but not to bind it like a strait-jacket.

The judge should be permitted to speak his mind to the jury, without coercing it into adopting his view. Although the principle, that the judge is to decide the law and the jury to decide the facts, is repeated by rote in every court in the land, the fact remains that in our criminal trials, a great many prerogatives of the court have been usurped by the jury and that with the approval of long continued practice. In most instances, the jury assumes the function of deciding not merely the facts of the case but the law as well.

This is due largely to the colorless manner in which the judge must expound the law. It is no exaggeration to say that the average juryman, in a complicated case, does not even understand what the judge says in his charge to the jury. And frequently, a judge is compelled to sit by and hear a jury acquit a prisoner, whose sham defense the judge has penetrated because of long experience. Jurymen should not be hampered in their right to convict or acquit, but they should be entitled to the benefit of the judge's acumen, gained frequently in the course of years upon the bench, just as they are entitled to the competent evidence of witnesses. For the judge to coerce the jury is tyranny. But intelligent assistance is not coercion—it is common sense.

If anyone object that the above changes are impracticable, it is only necessary to answer that they would greatly aid in producing a procedural system like that of the English courts. The latter once were as fettered and as cumbersome as our own. Dickens has immortalized their defects without exaggerating them. But England realized and corrected the infirmities of its judicial machinery and has given to America a working example which is immeasurably more efficient than our own system.

Eventually, the matter comes down to the attitude of the American public towards its courts. We elect or appoint judges to office and then treat them as though they were monsters or morons, and not very high-grade morons at that. We surround them with restrictions which hamper their exercise of judgment and discretion. We demand that they function efficiently and forbid them to do so.

If our judges were such poor specimens that their rulings and acts had to be continually scrutinized and reviewed, then they would not be competent to hold office. In reality, our judges are as merciful and as intelligent as any judges in history. Conditions which produced the reactionary and stupid "hanging judges" of the past are gone. If they return, it will be time enough to deal with them then. But to assume that they are the normal circumstances of judicial existence is to admit the bankruptcy of our judiciary and of our democracy in its wider sense. Both judge and jury have their respective spheres, wherein each is effective. Our judges are dependable, and are not going to abuse the discretion vested in them.

It would be well, therefore, for us to cut the technical bonds which hinder their movements and which prevent them from exercising their natural intelligence without continual fear of being reversed. Let us acknowledge that our own courts are as competent as the English ones to exercise authority with safety. Only then will American courts be able to enforce the law as it should be enforced and to put into the hearts of criminals some of that fear of the Lord which is rightly termed the beginning of all wisdom.

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NATIONALISM AS A RELIGION

V. A TRIBAL CREED

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

THE most impressive fact about the present age is the universality of the religious aspects of nationalism. Not only in the United States does the religious sense of the whole people find expression in nationalism, but also, in slightly different form, but perhaps to an even greater degree, in France, England, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Russia, the Scandinavian and Baltic countries, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, the Balkans, Greece, and the Latin-American republics. Nor does the religion of nationalism thrive only on traditional Christian soil; it now flourishes in Japan, Turkey, Egypt, India, Korea, and is rearing its altars in China. Nationalism has a large number of quarrelsome sects, but it is the nearest approach to a world-religion.

However, this is not to say that older religions have been obliterated by nationalism. Buddhism and Hinduism still exist. So does Mohammedanism. So does Christianity—Catholic, Orthodox, and Protestant. What actually is occurring is a new religious syncretism, by virtue of which very many persons continue nominally to adhere to the faith of their ancestors and even to practise its cult, whilst they adapt it to the exigencies of nationalist worship and discipline. Some extreme (and, let us grant, logical) nationalists abandon and assail other religions. Some devotees of other religions criticize and condemn nationalism. But the bulk of nationalists, and a growing number of Christians, Mohammedans, and Buddhists, proceed unreflectively to effect a compromise, increasingly favorable to nationalism, between the old faith and the new.

Judaism is still a potent force in the lives of many Jews, but there can be little doubt that in recent times, with the development of scepticism about the divine inspiration of the Hebrew scriptures and the rise of "reform movements" and the consequently less strict observance of the Mosaic law and of the ceremonial of the orthodox synagogue, an ever augmenting number of Jews are expressing their religious sense in nationalism, either in devotion to the nationalism of the people among whom they live or in service and sacrifice in behalf of their own peculiar Zionism. Ancient Judaism was a religion which centered the hopes and aspirations of a "chosen people" upon a supernatural god, the god Yahweh, and anyone who believed in Yahweh and abided by his commandments was "chosen." Modern Zionism is a religion which transfers the object of worship from Yahweh to the chosen people, and none is chosen who is wilfully ignorant of the Hebrew language.

Buddhism is still a powerful factor in the lives of myriad Orientals, and in the quaint forms of theosophy it is exerting a little direct influence upon the Occident, but in Japan, at any rate, it latterly has been subordinated to nationalist Shinto, and in China certain intellectuals are attempting an amalgam of it with Confucianism and Christianity in order to produce a Chinese national religion. Mohammedanism is still a great and aggressive religion, with far-flung missionary enterprises in the East Indies and in central Africa, but the followers of Mustapha Kemal Pasha have proved themselves Turkish nationalists first and Moslems afterwards, and Mohammedan Arabs are fraternizing with Christian Arabs in a common supreme devotion to Arab nationalism against the threats of established Zionism. In India both Mohammedanism and Hinduism are ebbing before a rising Indian nationalism.

Christianity has more nominal followers today than ever before in its history, and possibly there are more sincere and devout Christians—Catholic, Orthodox, and Protestant—in the twentieth century than in any earlier century. But it is manifest to us who live in the West that Christianity for enormous numbers of people has become an adjunct to nationalism. The Orthodox churches of the East, the Armenian church, the Coptic church, the remnant of the Nestorian church, are auxiliaries to nationalist fervor and nationalist endeavor. Westminster Abbey is a holy fane of the Church of England and, much more so, of British nationalism—and the Protestant cathedrals of England and Scotland and Ireland, and of Prussia too, are adorned not so plentifully nor so conspicuously with statues and relics of Christian saints as with images of national heroes, military or naval, and with national battle-flags. In France, the sacred remains of Napoleon Bonaparte lie close to a Catholic altar, and the magnificent Christian church of Sainte Geneviève has been transformed into the National Panthéon.

Christianity in the United States is becoming more and more nationalist—and naturally so. The Protestant majority, in holding its own and seeking the conversion of divers immigrants, constantly affirms that America is Protestant and that Protestantism is American. The Catholic minority, not to be outdone by such an attractive plea, is bent on "Americanizing" itself and its immigrants. All this promotes the religion of Americanism, not quite as a substitute for Christianity, but rather as a most impressive supplement to it. The process is fostered, moreover, by the very fact that American Protestantism is divided into numerous sects and denominations. No Protestant

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sect is strong enough—and certainly the Catholic Church (even if it were so minded) is not strong enough—to establish itself as the official church of the United States. Hence, there can be in a common Christianity, no oneness of faith and worship for the whole American people. Consequently, the spiritual unity, which almost everyone deems desirable, must be sought in nationalism.

American Protestants may differ about the literal interpretation of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis or about the manner of administering baptism, or about the orders of the ministry and the number of sacraments, but they do not differ essentially in their homage to the national state. In most Protestant churches in the United States, a big American flag hangs resplendent over the pulpit or communion-table, and in most localities Protestant clergy and their faithful hold "union services" at least on Thanksgiving day, on Decoration day, on Washington's birthday, and on the Fourth of July. Is there not some justification for the prophecy of Mr. Israel Zangwill that "America doubtless will be the first to fuse its 186 denominations and its crank creeds into a single American religion"?

A good deal has been said and written of late by agnostically inclined gentlemen, about the decay of Protestantism in America, and it has been pointed out that only about 30 percent of the American people attend church. This, in my opinion, is a most superficial estimate of the situation. Protestantism of the sixteenth-century Lutheran or Calvinistic type may be decaying—I don't know and I am reluctant to guess—but Protestantism as a vehement protest against historic Catholic Christianity and as an important element in the contemporary syncretic religion of nationalism is certainly alive and thriving. In this sense far more than 30 percent of the American people are Protestants—and Nationalists. And undoubtedly it is true that many Catholic Americans would resent any imputation that they are less devout in the worship of nationalism than are their Protestant countrymen.

"Modernists" seem to thicken Americanism in measure as they dilute Christianity. From the newspapers we learn that at the Protestant Episcopal church of Saint Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, in February, 1924, a sermon by Dr. Stuart L. Tyson, vice-president of the Modern Churchman's Union, in which he denied the divinity of Christ, and a ritual service devoted to the American flag, "engaged the attention of large congregation morning and afternoon."

Although it is likely to be a long time before the new religion completely ousts the old, the syncretism now proceeding is far more favorable, in my opinion, to nationalism than to Christianity, Mohammedanism, or any other supernatural world-religion.

I would not have anyone gather from what I have said that I condemn nationalism because it is an expression of man's "religious sense." I am too convinced a believer in the inherently religious character of man to make light of religion; and to condemn nationalism because it depends on religious emotion would seem to me as futile as to condemn vegetation because it thrives on sunlight. I would suggest, however, that there are many, many ways in which man may express his religious sense, and that religious emotion, like any other instinctive emotion, always is susceptible and often needful of conscious direction and control. Some forms of religion are superior to others, and when we recognize the religious nature of modern nationalism we still have to ask ourselves whether it is the best form of religion for human betterment.

Most great religious systems of the past have been unifying, rather than disintegrating, forces in the history of the human race. Buddhism gave rise to a common type of constructive civilization among the teeming millions of Burma, Siam, China, and Japan. Mohammedanism drew together in a common bond and inspired with a common zeal the most diverse tribesmen of Arabia, India, Persia, Turkey, the Malay archipelago, and Africa. Christianity bound together in a cultural community all kinds of European peoples, regardless of their habitat, breed, and native language. And especially in the case of Christianity, the forms and ceremonies which attended the expression of man's religious sense were constant symbols of a universal striving for a kingdom that was not of this world—for the sacrifice of self and the assurance of peace on earth to men of good will.

Modern nationalism, while evolving customs and ceremonies which externally are very reminiscent of rites and practices of Christianity, has developed quite a different spirit and set itself quite a different goal. Despite the universality of the general concept of nationalism, its cult is based on a tribal idea and is, therefore, in its practical manifestations, peculiar to circumscribed areas and to persons of the same language. The good at which it aims is a good for one's own nation only, not for all mankind.

Nationalism as a religion represents a reaction against historic Christianity, against the universal mission of Christ; it re-enshrines the earlier tribal mission of a chosen people. The ancient reflective Roman imagined that one chosen people—the Hebrew nation—was one too many for general comfort and safety; the thoughtful modern Christian may be pardoned for being a bit pessimistic about a world devoid of a Roman empire and replete with dozens of chosen peoples.

Nationalism as a religion inculcates neither charity nor justice—it is proud, not humble—and it signally fails to universalize human aims. It repudiates the revolutionary message of St. Paul and proclaims anew the primitive doctrine that there shall be Jew and Greek, only that now there shall be Jew and Greek more quintessentially than ever. Nationalism's kingdom is frankly of this world, and its attainment involves tribal selfishness and vainglory, a particularly ignorant and tyrannical intolerance—and war.

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A CHAMPION OF REASON

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

IMMANUEL KANT believed that his thought had effected "a Copernican revolution" in philosophy. After nearly a hundred and fifty years, we are now in a position to estimate some of the effects of that revolution. The Critical Philosophy, which taught that the ultimate categories of relation and causality were not discovered but created by the mind of man, enabled the latter, in Kant's proud words, to "give laws to nature."

The scholastic proofs of the existence of God were discredited by Kant, and the idea of God was reduced to something half-way between an hypothesis and a useful fiction. Man was enthroned in the center of an otherwise rather vacant universe. Kant's idealistic followers, while they saw the necessity of an Absolute by which man himself could be measured, interpreted this Absolute in capricious human terms—Fichte as moral striving, Schelling as aesthetic sensibility, Hegel as discursive thought, Schopenhauer as blind impulse dignified under the name of Will. Of them all, it was Schopenhauer who stood nearest to later developments of thought. As the nineteenth century proceeded on its way, the characteristic mark of its philosophy came to be its attack upon the intelligence. The empiricists in England undermined it in behalf of the senses, Nietzsche conducted sporadic forays against it in the name of the will; finally, Bergson and the pragmatists, armed with evolutionary biology, led a frontal attack all along the line.

Intelligence, as a means of ascertaining reality, is deputed to be inferior to intuition, pure experience, immediate apprehension. Its concepts are said to substitute symbols for reality, to solidify what really is moving, to break up what really is continuous. It is regarded as a product of evolution, an adaptation to biological conditions, an instrument for meeting practical needs; its so-called truth is nothing but utility. This degradation of the intelligence is held to be favorable to religion; for, although modern philosophy regards the existence of God as unprovable, it regards itself as highly religious. God, it holds, can be approached non-rationally through individual experience, intuition, faith, hypothesis. Such individual experience of God, even though it results in as many gods as there are philosophers, should take precedence of all intellectual doubts.

Thus the Kantian philosophy would seem to have come full cycle. Beginning with the denial of God and external nature in favor of man's intelligence, it has ended by denying man's intelligence in favor of external nature and God. But the God and nature from which it started are not the same as those with which it ends. The external nature which Kant denied was a substantial nature moving according to objective intelligible laws—the external nature of modern philosophy is an insubstantial flux, whose essence is, for Bergson, pure "change;" for Whitehead, pure "events;" for Russell, pure "motion;" for Alexander, pure "space-time;" for James and Dewey, pure "experience." The God from Whom Kant departed was a timeless God, the Creator and Preserver of the world, Whose essence was perfect intelligence of which man's is an imperfect image. The god of modern philosophy is an "élan vital," a "nisus toward deity," a "child of the divine imagining," a "president of the cosmic commonwealth," a "great toiler," an "idealized common will," a god of becoming, organic with the universe, evolving with it toward something which piously may be hoped to approximate perfection as a limit.

What is the conclusion? "If God is mere appearance in the absolute and eventually will be lost in it; if finite selves are eternal, and have a being independent of God; if God is a mere 'child of the imagining,' a creation of our desire, a being Who learns from us how to be 'more effectively faithful to His own greater tasks' and whose 'very character depends on our acts,' a mere primus inter pares, without foresight of good and evil, facing 'the blackness of the unknown and the blind joys and confusions of life;' if God is merely the universe with a nisus toward deity; if He is the work of our conscience and we 'worship at the shrine our own hands have built;' if God is the sum of all consciousness and appears at the term of evolution and not at its beginning; if He is so weak that He 'draws strength and increase of being from us,' and 'owes His being to the preëxisting finites;' if we must change our idea of God with every new scientific advance and change of government; if 'His nature is sustained by us;' if He is a mere president of a cosmic commonwealth—then all that common sense had regarded as holy and sacred is vain and foolish, and God, instead of being the Lord and Creator of the universe, the Supreme Goodness, Beauty and Truth, is merely the servant of man—and religion, whose real end is to express the dependence of man on God, now becomes the dependence of God on man—whether God be real or a mere creation of our conscience."

Such is the characterization of modern philosophy set forth by Dr. Fulton J. Sheen, of the University of Louvain, in his God and Intelligence,* which may safely be called one of the most important contributions to philosophy which has appeared in the present

**God and Intelligence in Modern Philosophy—A Critical Study in the Light of the Philosophy of Saint Thomas, by Fulton J. Sheen. London: Longmans, Green and Company.*

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century. Is this characterization of modern philosophy just? It hardly can be otherwise in the main, since for over sixty pages, Dr. Sheen allows modern philosophers to speak for themselves, either through direct quotation or close paraphrase. There can be no charges of intentional unfairness or ignorance brought against him. He is thoroughly familiar with the field of which he treats; his quotations come from more than a hundred sources; his researches have been carried into every branch of contemporary philosophy.

There are, to be sure, certain faults of emphasis—he overstates the importance of M. Bergson (incidentally, his frequent comparison of M. Bergson to Heraclitus is unfair to the Greek thinker, who, it should be remembered, recognized not only the flux but an abiding Logos) and he does not give due credit to the contemporary realistic defense of the intelligence against the attacks of the pragmatists. Nevertheless, since contemporary idealists, realists, and pragmatists alike, with few exceptions, have striven for an evolutionary interpretation of reality and have substituted biology for metaphysics, Dr. Sheen's general characterization remains quite correct.

It is to the reassertion of the metaphysical standpoint of scholasticism that Dr. Sheen devotes the remainder of his book. In the philosophy of Saint Thomas, he asserts, are to be found specific answers to the two chief problems that have perplexed modern philosophers—the problem of knowledge and the problem of change. Intelligence, so far from being as the Bergsonians believe, opposed to life, is the highest form of life. For life is immanent activity—an activity whose goal is its own perfection—and such activity is best of all exemplified in intelligence whose goal is no extrinsic utility but the intrinsic goal of knowledge.

Such force as the pragmatical objections really possess is directed solely against the reason, the faculty of discursive inference, not against the intelligence whose vision of essences is direct and immediate. Universals are not abstractions derived by a comparison of particulars, for without the previous existence of the concept, comparison would be impossible; still less are they mere dying sensations, for they become more, not less, perfect as they move away from the details of sensation. Least of all are they synthetic creations of the mind, for they are known directly as forms of reality and only indirectly, by subsequent reflection, as involving psychic apprehension in the mind; they are ways in which reality impresses itself upon the mind, not ways in which the mind impresses itself upon reality.

Similarly, the first principles of logic—the principle of being and the principle of contradiction—are no mere laws of thought but laws of reality. They are not binding upon thought as thought—it is perfectly possible for an individual to contradict himself—they are only binding upon thought if it wishes to attain the truth.

The application of the scholastic doctrine of intelligence to the problem of change is direct. So far from scholasticism having neglected the fact of movement in the universe, Saint Thomas, following Aristotle, recognized it as the chief characteristic of the universe. But for that very reason he held that the universe is not self-explanatory. Many of the modern philosophers seem desirous of identifying themselves with movement rather than of understanding it. Change, if it is to be explained, involves direction—a "terminus a quo" and a "terminus ad quod"—a something which changes, and a something which causes change. Movement involves a prime mover. Causation, on pain of becoming an infinite regress, involves a first cause—not necessarily, as so many modern attacks on scholasticism assume, a temporal first cause, but a logical first cause. And a god who shall explain evolution cannot be an evolving god, a part of his own process.

Note that the objection is not to evolution as a biological theory but to evolution as a metaphysical principle. Dr. Sheen makes this quite clear—"We may take occasion here to correct a false impression about the attitude of neo-scholasticism toward modern evolution. Common sense philosophy never has seen anything intrinsically impossible about it. In fact, many of the early fathers saw in it something very beautiful, as may be found in Saint Augustine and the Alexandrine school, with their doctrine of the rationes seminales. There is nothing in evolution which shocks the scholastic. It seems very much in accordance with the scholastic principle that things gradually attain their perfection. Nothing is further from the truth than the words of a recent writer in the Hibbert Journal—'Scholastic logic has no use for the idea of evolution, and the idea of evolution has no use for scholastic logic.' The long list of modern scholastics who have at their head such men as Wasmann and Mendel is sufficient answer to such a . . . statement."

Neo-scholasticism can assimilate evolutionary biology easily enough—what it cannot assimilate is evolutionary philosophy. Dr. Sheen's refutation of the latter and his vindication of the rights of logic on the basis of Thomistic metaphysics have an interest as wide as philosophy itself. And here, in view of the oft-repeated assertion that scholasticism is merely an authoritarian religious philosophy, it may be well to quote in conclusion one more statement—"Our basic principles are extracted from the doctrines of Aristotle and Saint Thomas—principles whose sole claim to be accepted are their accord with common sense, and not their authority." In other words, scholasticism and neo-scholasticism appeal, as all philosophies must appeal, whether willingly or unwillingly, to the tests of inner consistency and harmony with facts. Judging by these tests, the present non-Catholic writer at least would affirm that they fare far better than any of their contemporary idealistic or pragmatic rivals. That much, Dr. Sheen proves.

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POEMS

Words With Wings

Words! How they glitter! With what sweet
Accord they make all beauty known,
Leaving old friendships more complete,
Leading us to our own.

It is the man with golden words
Who, in this world of reason, rules—
A name, a whispered glory, girds
Philosophers and fools.

And yet, what gift of tongues have I
To make this moment ring like bronze?
Love is a language to defy
The lordliest lexicons!

Poor eloquence that must be planned,
Poor speech that neither shouts nor sings!
Better the silence of your hand
Than words with wings!

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Protest

What do you, love, here in this place with me,
Where crimson vines creep up a crumbling wall?
Look you, against the sky a naked tree—
The year is over now, the dead leaves fall!
While here beside us on the pebbly walk
The mooning crickets languish in the sun;
Death's ghost goes by, it is not good to talk,
List you, the wind—earth's carnival is done!

Not so for us who hold the blooms of spring,
And in our hands unscattered coin of years;
Oh, we have many songs we yet must sing
Before we taste this pageantry of tears.
Come, let us kiss, and so disprove the lie
That autumn is the time when all things die!

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING.

Through the Night

You heard the crashing of the drums of life,
As if the wrath of ages circled high
Above your hearth and summoned forth the strife
Of hidden fear—your solitary cry!
The movement of your lips grew faster still
As though a breathless torrent could conceal
The nameless terror of a straining will,
Or blow the fires of a vanished zeal.

The drums crashed on with piercing instancy,
Majestic in their starkly mortal beat,
While peering phantoms gibed at your despair.
You scoffed before at God's inconstancy,
But now you begged the silence to repeat
The awful glory of unspoken prayer.

R. DANA SKINNER.

I'll Buy a Rainbow

The moon threw a penny
Into my hand,
A silver penny
From fairyland.

Thank you, thank you,
Lady moon!
May I spend it
Soon, soon?

May I spend it,
I? I?
With never advice
To help me buy?

May I spend it
All alone?
I'll buy a rainbow
For my own!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Stars

Our little earth fares bravely through the night,
For though before her stranger darkness lies,
A host of friends attend her in the skies.
Northward, the two Bears lead her with their white
Lantern, Polaris, and the Great Dog's light
Blazes a nearest trail. When Sirius dies
Out of the springtime East new torches rise
As down the West old beacons fade from sight.

That whirl of golden moths, the Pleiades,
Orion's giant suns, the red-eyed Bull
Depart, and the wee wanderer knows loss
Of Gemini's twin flames: instead, she sees
Altair and Scorpio, the beautiful,
Between the Northern and the Southern Cross.

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER.

Out of the Idyls

Goodbye, beloved, the days of our undoing,
Themselves undone, we face a finer morn
When we stand up with bitterness of rueing,
Cursing the day that ever we were born.
That blackness shall be fairer than this sun,
Than all kind words that silence shall be dearer,
We shall not care what we shall come upon,
Knowing each hour the end of all is nearer.

They were two dreamers, tangled in a vision
That looked one way—but what shall crush the heart?
Not any force of time's unspent derision,
Christ and His love shall break those bonds apart.
The Queen's grave pilgrims held a holy spot,
And there are those who pray to Launcelot.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

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THE PRAGMATISM OF THE SAINTS

By JULES BOIS

MORE than ever, our time is calling for the inspiration of the saints. This little essay aims at suggesting that, if a moral improvement is to accompany material progress, the saints ought to be not only honored, but studied and copied as well.

To the amorphous crowd practising, not religion, but rather indifference to religious matters, the saints appear as strange anomalies, almost as monsters, devoid of all social utility. The average citizen listlessly believes that he need not pay any serious attention to them, nor take their attitude into account in his practical life. By their very sublimity, these giants of piety and admirable deeds escape the comprehension of the shallow intellectual, who will not take the pains to ponder sufficiently upon their character and mission. To be sure, this intellectual understands Anatole France and Casanova better. Laically speaking, the saints are of all great men the most misunderstood, although in fact, best worth knowing if we would draw from their example lessons by which to profit according to the measure of our capacities.

For its rehabilitation and justification mankind has produced not only heroes and geniuses, but also prophets and saints, who are geniuses and heroes withal, to such a degree as to bewilder the intellect of the proud and refresh the heart of the faithful and the lowly. In history, Isaiah thunders louder than Homer. The ethical fortitude of the saints has more importance for our races than talent in politics and war.

In his Port Royal, the French master-critic, Sainte-Beuve, no saint himself despite his name, has paid an enthusiastic homage to these figures—"splendid," in his own words, "even from the purely human viewpoint." The example of the saints challenges the blasphemy against God's mercy and human dignity as proferred by the advocates of degeneration, libido's worshippers and hierophants of immortality in man. As witnesses to the spirit, these chosen among the elect are its most convincing demonstration. Their immortality already shines through their charity. The body and its energies, the soul itself in its ordinary state, are ostensibly "powerless" to explain the "power" manifested by them.

Since would-be spiritualists at their congresses in Paris and all over the world, are endeavoring to found some sort of religion on the queer and abnormal phenomena produced in their séances, let us recall the sound and beautiful miracles of the saints. These miracles enable us to see mediumistic trances, phantoms and quack cures in their true proportions. The pythonic gesture pales and fades away before authentic graces; the celestial hymn of the blessed renders the sound of the ghostly trumpet cracked indeed. There is no practical usefulness in Conan Doyle's "underhuman" (and not superhuman) experiments; on the contrary, mankind has vastly benefited and will profit again and again by Aquinas's and Augustine's theology, by Teresa's gentle wisdom and sublime ravishments, by Joan of Arc's divine visions, whereas only trouble and "vexation of the spirit" have resulted from the psychical acrobatics of Home, the charlatan, or from the self-delusions of Stanton Moses.

Saints live by the "spirit of the mind" and the melody of the heart. They are, in our cities of noisy laughter and secret tears, the first fruits of the Church Triumphant, because they have "put on the new man, that, after God, hath been created in righteousness and holiness of truth." They seem to come out from prehistoric legends, yet their behavior is a prophecy of a better earth. They seem to be saying—"We and God, we have business with each other; and in opening ourselves to His influence, our deeper destiny is fulfilled."

I do not design to encroach on the theological field, which is not mine, nor to compete with Hello's Physiognomies of saints. My limited purpose is to show that the virtues of these peerless men and women are not a dead letter for the élite nor for the common people. Pious souls know already what a fountain of wisdom and comfort flows from the triumphant hearts of those who are our spiritual captains. In the highest degree they possess the fundamental attributes which are wanting in us or have remained so feeble that they appear, as it were, paralyzed.

Neither have I the space here to deal with the supernatural gifts of the saints, their lilial purity and tremendous asceticism, their power of "reversibility," their miraculous endowments; nor how they soar above our carnal slavery into God's freedom. I shall be content to speak as a psychologist and attempt to demonstrate that individually, sociologically, economically, the world's welfare needs within it the leaven of saintly qualities.

Saintly qualities belong to the category of those "despised virtues," about which the regretted Madame Lucie Faure Goyau has written an unforgettable chapter. May we enumerate some of them? The spirit of poverty; humility linked to equanimity and magnanimity; obedience and persuasive authority; a victorious detachment; fortitude united to exquisite sensitiveness; indulgence to the falterings of others contrasted with severity to oneself; suavity and steadfastness; the silent possession of a wider life; an incomparable knowledge of the human heart and mind, learnt not in the books of our libraries, but in "the book of Life;" an inexhaustible "goodness" which perpetually redeems this earth of its egoism and cruelty; and

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finally, poetical vision allied to a practical efficiency, yet ignored by the multitude because it never advertises nor aims at vogue and personal popularity.

To begin from this final quality of vision: the saint is the greater creative artist, for he knows how to build his soul a second time. Thus, as the Apostle puts it, he becomes "God's cöoperator." In his quest, he approaches nearest to the Summum Bonum and accomplishes the real Magnum Opus. I sometimes wonder whether modern poetry has not grown prosaic, just because our age has departed from these original models and has envisaged the universe and man from the commonplace point of view of the cynic or of the sentimentalist. But a Catherine of Sienna, a Teresa, or a Francis of Assisi is not merely a poet, but the poem itself.

The saints possess an "auroral openness." To the creative faculties their uplifted conscience imparts a certain caroling note. As an old minstrel has well remarked—"If they divest themselves of our futile ambitions, they never forget to take with them their lyre." This lyre is, of course, their soul, attuned to nature's harmonies and the heavenly chorus; and across the cords of this lyre stray angelic fingers. Those Christian Orpheuses communicate to us, as we listen, the most needful vigor, resulting from enthusiasm and from a kind of mysterious happiness that passes all understanding. On the other hand, the saint, although his is a character more virile than ours, knows better than we how to respond to the most delicate stimuli coming from universal nature. To quote one example among a thousand, Ignatius of Loyola, a soldier, was still endowed, with what the Church considers as a celestial favor—"the gift of tears."

A saint, who is irked far more than we by the conditions of a world quite antagonistic to his tastes, still enjoys the unfettered life. He is free, like Saint Paul with his enchained hands. Resignation and courage, generosity, equanimity and patience compose his inward tranquility, in contrast to our own restlessness and perennial attitude of rebellion against people, events and fortune. "Fiat voluntas tua" is his motto. "Fiat voluntas mea" is ours. And we seldom get what we want, while he finally succeeds. The new psychology is teaching us that most of the complexes poisoning our blood and existence find their solvent in the act of giving up an unreasonable resistance to the inevitable law.

We would rather perish than abdicate our own will. The saint has no self-will. We imagine that obedience is a derogation of the majesty of the human being. Even our children look sulky when they are called to order. None the less, without a disposition to obedience discipline is an empty word; and, without discipline, there looms no justified hope for self-control, and consequently no hope for any health, physical, moral and social, nor any deep satisfaction in this life.

Another virtue, dear to the blessed—the spirit of poverty—not only is forgotten today but almost suppressed. Yet our century stands sorely in need of just such a spiritual attitude. "Among us English speaking peoples especially," declared William James, "do the praises of poverty need to be boldly sung. We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise anyone who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life."

I am inclined to think that other races, also, speaking other languages than English, are more or less following the same wrong path. "Holy poverty," chanted Francis of Assisi. He enrolled under her banner, and was jubilant. On the contrary, the superstition of wealth at any cost will, if it be not checked, bring ruin and disaster on a civilization that is already perilously materialistic, industrial and mechanical. There is such a thing as honorable wealth, honorably and usefully employed. But to sacrifice everything to the god Plutus amounts to ceasing to serve Christ and to becoming the worshipper of Mammon.

Our society is beginning to awaken to the evidence of the practical ability of the saints and to see how this practical ability, not devoted to any selfish advantage, but to the glory of God, has worked for the general good.

Out of meditation and sometimes rapture, the saints go more valiant and more clear-minded to their immediate duty, be it great or small. They do much and in many ways, "multum et multa," because they have the spirit of poverty, even when in possession of material wealth. In any case they are always rich with the true riches that come from faith and the consciousness of working the providential work. Loaded with honors, they remain modest. Humble, they retain full dignity. Because they have a glimpse of the Fountainhead of all beauty and are clothed with Its splendor, they weep over what they call their unworthiness.

Their historic glory surpasses that of the most famous conquerors and legislators. They bear witness in favor of the Spirit which moulds the universe more grandiosely and more usefully than do brute force and cunning. St. Paul's impress upon our present-day society is more profound than Solon's, Alexander's, Caesar's, or Napoleon's. The divine philosophy of Augustine and Aquinas transcends the lofty conjecture of Aristotle and Plato. Saint John of the Cross went deeper into the abyss of the human soul than Socrates or William James.

In the last decade of the nineteenth century, I remember having attended a lecture delivered at the Odéon, Paris, by Maurice Barrès, then scarcely touched by the first ray of his fame. He had just discovered the Exercises of Loyola. He was lavish in his admiration for this unique masterpiece, pronouncing, as a layman, that no moralist could be compared to this founder of order, that none had to the same degree explored man's inward constitution, and that his train-

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ing of character was the best that could be proposed, not only to monks but also, as a method, to all mankind. The saints are the real pragmatists. Their achievements proscribe dilettantism and solemn frivolity. They never make much ado about nothing. They act from above—they tame human nature and bend it to due ends because their own aureole hovering over it shows them the reality without our delusions. Their abode lies in the majestic empire of causes. They themselves are causes.

Through the Crusades, Saint Bernard built a bridge between the Orient and the Occident, and initiated the unity of the world which is the aim of our civilization. Joan of Arc did more for France than Louis XIV. Francis Xavier showed himself a more efficacious colonizer than Scipio, the African; or Cecil Rhodes. Saint Vincent of Paul shines like the sun itself besides the little lamps of our philanthropy.

Were it not for the saints, the world would have been uninhabitable, even from the material standpoint. As for those whose mysticism seems to evolve exclusively in the inner realm, they, too, spread all around them a revivifying influence. The invisible cross they bore on their shoulders illuminated their shadow with its regenerating rays. The noblest ideals, by force of their example, were able to slowly triumph in spite of the reluctancy of the herd, whereas philosophers, like Seneca, with their golden aphorisms, could not arrest the degeneration of Rome. The saints have at no time been sophists or rhetoricians, but true teachers and masters.

"These spiritual heroes," William James stated, "are like pictures with an atmosphere and background; and placed alongside of them, the strong men of this world and no other, seem as dry as sticks, as hard and crude as blocks of stone and brickbats." And he concluded—"Let us be saints, then, if we can, whether or not we succeed visibly and temporally."

To become a saint is a vast and superhuman undertaking for which we need special grace from God. But in any case, let us no longer assume that the example of the saints is entirely beyond our reach, and that the air they breathe in their lofty sphere is irrespirable for our lungs. The reverse is the case. This air conveys the very oxygen our impoverished atmosphere needs. By treading in their footsteps we shall achieve enlightenment and serenity. A country which would establish in every school classes for the study of the experiments and merits of the saints, would soon become the nursery of better citizens; and its pupils would stand out from the rest of mankind as the salt of the earth and the light of the world.

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM

By FRANCIS J. WAHLEN

IN TIMES gone by, the industry of Lecky produced a History of Rationalism in Europe, a work marred by the author's inadequate acquaintance with the intellectual history of Christianity. This "history," and even the very controvertible methods employed by the author, have had innumerable followers—a school, so to speak. Of Catholic thought, the continuity of Christian tradition and its orderly process of development, no account was kept by these rationalists.

In particular, the great figure of Erasmus of Rotterdam was ill-treated. The work and the influence of this scholar, one of the most remarkable men of his own or of any other time, often have been inadequately understood. No comprehensive view of Catholic thinkers could be expected from rationalistic, anti-Christian writers of the eighteenth or early nineteenth centuries, before the modern development of the critical historic sense.

Erasmus, and those like him, never will be exactly popular; although such genius always will make its influence felt. Being no politician, Erasmus could not, of course, have understood the word "democracy" in the American sense. But Erasmus had a curious dualism in his nature: a love of the renaissance on its softer side; a delight in the refinements and comforts of life, and even its artificialities, combined with a love of truth and of practical morality. Above all, he possessed a scorn of mental laziness and ignorance.

For Erasmus, a rigorous life was not possible. As a young man, slight, delicate, and fair, his health was totally unable to stand the régime of the priory of Steyn. His prior, Servatius Rogerus, of the Augustinians, obtained for him from the Vatican a dispensation from the monastic state. Subsequently, while in the service of the Bishop of Cambrai, who had sent him to the University of Paris, his behavior there, probably no more than characteristic of all undergraduates, aroused alarm. Erasmus was not immaculate, but he was not vicious. In London at the close of the fifteenth century, he made the acquaintance there and at Oxford of Blessed Thomas More, Colet, Warham (not yet Archbishop of Canterbury) and Grocyn, who was heading a forlorn attempt to teach Greek at Oxford without any grammars. The first two remained his lifelong friends.

The picture drawn of the Erasmus of those days, the genial young Dutchman nearing his thirties—is hardly the portrait of a young Democrat, taking up "the people's cause." Erasmus, who described the extraordinary charm of More, whom he probably loved better than any other person, had seen his own reputa-

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tion grow. In England during the Cambridge period (1505-6) he had mastered Greek. Very likely it was then that the Adagia were prepared—a collection of thoughts, quotations, epigrams and reflections—a form of literature practically unknown in those days.

Erasmus, however, was not a mere scholar, although he worked extraordinarily hard. He mixed with men and women of all sorts and in many countries, continually studying human nature in all its aspects. This was, in fact, his real interest; and it is this humanity which gives charm to so many of his letters. Erasmus never seems to have been troubled by abstract questions as to human destiny and the mystery of human life, its reason and purpose. He suffered from ill health all his life, and in considering some of his writings and the bitter spirit which he showed at times in his letters, we must allow for his extreme sensitiveness and physical debility.

He was born during that extraordinary outburst of art, learning, and culture, which already had appeared in Italy, but did not attain its zenith until some twenty years later. He had the greatest appreciation for the works of Marsilio Ficino, Poliziano, and Pico della Mirandola. These famous scholars, Florentine at least by domicile, were for long the admiration and inspiration of the learned world. Italian learning was pretty; and the ways of the cultured Italians were most delightful—when not too scandalous. In France, Erasmus had witnessed its form of literary exuberance, not necessarily of classical inspiration, of which, however, the motif was very Italian.

In the north, on the contrary, the renaissance took literally the form of the revival of learning, albeit there existed an excellent Flemish, Dutch, and Nurnberger school of art. This scholarship was laborious. It collated and purged the texts of the classical authors and of the early fathers. Later, it took to Biblical criticism; and finally opened the flood-gates of the Reformation and was, indirectly, responsible for that great disaster to the human race. The renaissance, as expounded in Italy and France, would not have led to that catastrophe. It was never the intention of scholars like Erasmus, still less of Colet, Warham, or More, that it should do so.

This "high scholarship" never wrote in anything but Latin, although Erasmus did so far relax as to write to the Elector of Saxony, Luther's friend, in German. It could be extremely dry and bitter in spirit, and even at its best was inclined to pedantry. It was not so human as in the southern forms of the renaissance, though intensely humanistic. The Germans, or Dutchmen, lacked the "ingenia acerrima Florentina," or the whole-hearted zest in life, which characterized the sixteenth-century Frenchman. The Frenchman of the splendid Valois days was a very different person from the Frenchman of the Third Republic.

Not all northern scholars were pedantic. Colet, Erasmus, and Melancthon, the only sympathetic character amongst the reformers, were all delightfully human. And of Europe's curious, complex, yet immature new society, Erasmus was destined for long to be the arbiter, courted by all, from the Pope and the Emperor, down.

A great many of the distinguished friends of his zenith turned against him; for several of them subsequently joined the Wittenberg camp, but Erasmus never wavered in his Catholicism. He was alive to the undoubted abuses of the time, and was troubled by them to some extent. It is a tragedy that he was unable to see the end of the Council of Trent, whose decrees were aimed at the reformation of all the real abuses of which the earlier reformers had complained.

The study of Erasmus and the renaissance is of high importance, not because the new world was in any way essentially better than the old, but because, whether we like it or no, in that century took place the birth of our own modern period. The pure intellectualism of the renaissance spirit is a far higher thing than our present-day education in its materialistic sense; but it is very low and unimportant in spiritual values. The renaissance of Erasmus was aristocratic, individualist, and to some extent selfish; rapidly rising to plutocracy of commerce and finance. Erasmus could draw his well known graphic pictures of the life and manners of the day, from cardinals and noblemen to innkeepers, condottieri and downright rogues.

His criticism of then existing abuses in the Church is hardly a defense of the "cause of the people." His claim was—the defense of pure learning! Always opposing ignorance and abuses, Erasmus was temperamentally hostile to radical measures, particularly when coming from the uneducated people. He desired reform, slow, gradual, mitigated. He wished to confine all discussion to theologians and scholars. He struggled to draw Melancthon from the fury of dispute and destruction, which he saw coming. "I could wish you rather to be engaged in spreading the knowledge of learning, than in combatting its enemies." He firmly refused Luther's appeal, thus gaining the lasting hostility of the Protestants and yet not conciliating many Catholics. "I will not join Luther until I see he is on the side of the Church . . . The matter can be arranged by the Pope, your Highness, the princes of the empire, and the scholars—if only the vulgar mob is kept out." (From his letter to "Vir praepotens," possibly the Landgraf of Hesse, or the Elector of Saxony.)

To the end of his fatal illness, in Basel, he protested most dutifully (servilely, a French Protestant historian calls it) his complete submission to the Holy See. The tragedy of the life of Erasmus, as Dr. Hartfelder well writes, lies wholly in this—that his perseverance under the Catholic banner of authority gained him no thanks from the followers of the strong Catholic party. "From Alexander onwards, right up to Döllinger and his successors, Erasmus of Rotterdam is portrayed as the frivolous sceptic—a man of characterless uncertainty.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Bernard J. Rothwell's communication, urging the obligation of the citizen to obey the Eighteenth Amendment and its enabling legislation, is interesting but not well founded.

First, he says that the "amendment has all the binding force of any other article of the Constitution." Theoretically, this is unsound. Practically, it is nonsense. Theoretically, the Fourteenth Amendment (Secs. 1 and 2, enfranchising Negroes, etc.) has "all the binding force of any other article of the Constitution." Practically, it has no effect whatever. It has been nullified by the very people who now clamor for obedience to the Eighteenth Amendment.

Fundamentally, our prohibitive liquor legislation was an attempt by a majority (?) to inflict its drastic will upon a considerable and resentful minority (?). It was enacted at the dictation of a pressure bloc without due regard for the views, wishes, opinions, or resentment of the millions who opposed it. It was, therefore, un-American. It attempted to write into the fundamental law of the land a rule of personal conduct. It was a political blunder from any point of view, and in the light of its consequences, it was a crime against the principles of democracy.

And then again, Mr. Rothwell says—"We must draw, hard and fast, the line that divides liberty and license." Right. But he entirely overlooks the fact that this is exactly what the legislation completely failed to do. The custom of drinking is no more like the problem of drunkenness than the custom of eating is like the problem of gluttony.

There is no doubt that the automobile, like wine, is one of the most potent instrumentalities of moral destruction that have ever been rendered available to mankind. Millions of our citizens use it, as they use wine, with moderation and for pleasure. On the other hand, thousands of other citizens abuse it, as some abuse wine. I wonder if Mr. Rothwell would support, in theory or practice, legislation intended to proscribe the use of automobiles by those who do not use them for criminal or (immoral) purposes, because others do abuse their freedom.

Now, of course, there is nothing new or unusual about legislative attempts to restrict the reasonable liberties of the governed. But the idea that there is any obligation on the part of freemen to respect or obey such legislation is as false in theory as it is futile in practice, and I know of no exception, throughout the entire history of liberty, to the rule that such ukases are invariably hurled back into the teeth of those responsible for them.

Such methods of dealing with sumptuary legislation derive their sanctions from the age-old struggle of mankind for freedom. Appeals from the law of the land to the law of mankind are as old as history. The establishment of our own great country is only one example out of many.

"I hold it to be an impious and execrable maxim," says Tocqueville in his classic, The Tyranny of the Majority, "that politically speaking, a people has a right to do whatsoever it pleases . . . When I refuse to obey an unjust law, I do not contest the right which the majority has of commanding, but I simply appeal from the sovereignty of the people to the sovereignty of mankind. It has been asserted that a people can never entirely outstep the boundaries of justice and of reason in those affairs which are more peculiarly its own, and that consequently full power may be given fearlessly to the majority by which it is represented. But this language is that of a slave."

One does not have to believe in personal liberty, as distinguished from license, to the extent advocated by Locke, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Jefferson, Henry, Mill, Macaulay, or Nietzsche to believe that it is the sacred duty of every patriot to reject such violent assaults upon freedom of conscience as that attempted by the Eighteenth Amendment. Indeed, to so believe today might be to invite a charge of radicalism. One need only turn to the words of that ultra-conservative—Alexander Hamilton—to make the point. He says—"When human laws contradict or discountenance the means which are necessary to preserve the essential rights of any society, they defeat the proper end of all laws, and so become null and void."

If Mr. Rothwell loves his country (and since he hails from the Cradle of Liberty, I take it that he does) he ought to thank God that there is a sufficient number of sufficient strength to make this latest encroachment upon his liberties not only impossible but ridiculous. And if he have a sense of humor (and since he suggested the processes of orderly repeal, I take it that he has) he ought to be grateful that the method adopted in dealing with the present infringement has been nullification instead of revolution.

I am not unmindful of the fact that in republics, revolutions are more fashionable than nullifications, and I have not forgotten that Jefferson said—"The spirit of resistance to government is so valuable on certain occasions that I wish it to be always kept alive . . . It is like a storm in the atmosphere . . . What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that the people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of tyrants. It is its natural manure."

But, personally, I don't like revolutions, and to be frank, I don't like Jefferson. I am a conservative. I prefer Hamilton to Jefferson and nullification to revolution. Besides, there is something about nullification that has the stamp of American approval. It is our usual method of getting rid of the surplus product of our law factories.

JOHN M. GIBBONS.

BACK TO PULPITS AND POLITICS

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Rothwell, writing for your issue of December 30, takes exception to what he calls the "tone" of the argument in your editorial, Pulpits and Politics, published December 2. Like every other supporter of this so-called prohibition he cries out for respect for the Constitution, and like every other such he sums up the Constitution in this one amendment. He forgets, apparently, that there likewise is a Fourth Amendment and a Fifth and a Sixth, which are to protect citizens against unwarranted searches, double jeopardy, self-incrimination, use of private property without compensation, and guarantee speedy trial by impartial juries. These amendments generally are ignored in these specious dry pleas for this counterfeit law enforcement which is the aim of prohibition. If the law is to be enforced let it be all law, and let every amendment receive its proper consideration.

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One reason that these enactments in pursuance of the Volsteadic theory of life are so hard to enforce is the total lack of respect manifested for ordinary amenities of life and for customary decencies observed between gentlemen. Today reckless agents with facile guns shoot down citizens peacefully about their own business in the public streets and highways. Today agents beyond all counting, spend money raised through the taxing power to tempt citizens to a violation of law. Today agents of the government bribe citizens to commit the very crimes which those agents are hired to detect, and above and beyond it all, there is a gang of super-spies to prey on these crime-inciting agents.

Small wonder such tactics arouse resentment in the hearts of clean-thinking men and women. How can the actions of the agents who lived in a Washington hotel and spent thousands of dollars of public money in high living command the respect of what Mr. Rothwell calls well-disposed citizens? Those agents consumed quantities of liquor bought at public expense but they failed to carry off enough to secure a conviction.

It is picayune to drag in this eternal whimper for law enforcement when a question is at issue such as that presented by your editorial. The premises of the editorial were sound and the conclusions are not to be denied. If there should be any inference of contempt for methods employed by the government through its shameless soapy agents, it is unfortunate. But the methods should be changed.

MARK O. SHRIVER.

WHY AN OLD ARCHITECTURE?

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—The question contained in this title may be said to be as pertinent as that which headed Mr. Cram's article in the December 15 issue of The Commonweal. The answer to the question he asks—"Why a New Architecture?"—I believe, was given in my preceding article. In it I stated as a demonstrated architectural theory, which he does not question in his article, that changes in form rise out of the necessity of solving new problems and that our age proposes these problems to the architect. My contention, with which Mr. Cram disagrees, is that Catholic Church design is one of these problems, the logical solution of which creates forms differing from those of the old architectures.

The church plan, as it naturally has developed in this country, is that of a relatively broad and shallow building. Granting this fact, and the physical evidence abounds to a degree not warranting denial, data on the width of the naves of European cathedrals is scarcely to the point. The proportions of length to breadth and of these dimensions to height of the naves of the cathedrals adduced by Mr. Cram do not permit of their adaptation with success to buildings which might be of the same width, but would scarcely be one-fourth their length and possibly one-third their height. We must deal with the facts of an existing and reasonable condition, not with the glories of dead architecture which cannot be revivified, although we lack wisdom and attempt it.

The quality of art is a matter of spiritual content and is emotionally moving to the degree that it expresses the feeling and impulses of its creator. The artist, in turn, is an authentic creator to the measure of his response to his own age. We only have to compare our reaction to the Gothic work of the middle-ages with that derived from the ablest imitations of our time to realize the profound difference between work possessed of vitality and that which has only the semblance of it.

The idea, as Mr. Cram states it, that we must "wait until our culture and our civilization are such that a new style, if such is to be, will blossom naturally," suggests a condition of unnatural passiveness. This quoted idea is not peculiar to Mr. Cram alone, as it is that around which most academic architects rally, the implied theory being, in effect, that progress will result from inaction. If this be true, the designing of architecture is the only human activity so divinely inspired and controlled that human effort is not necessary to determine the direction of its growth and the character suitable to a given age. Following the idea to its logical conclusion, we should inveigh against the temerity of those builders of the early middle-ages who devised new forms in architecture and construction, their culture being, at the time, undeveloped.

Architecture always has resulted from definite and logical thinking as to the best way of meeting the problems that existed, and in our time as in the past, it must be with an intensity of feeling for the inspirational power of the age in which we live and whose product we are.

The thoroughgoing mediaevalist of today is an astounding person, the more so when his sincerity is as great as Mr. Cram's, for the doctrine requires a denial of the physical facts of the life which surrounds us and in which we participate. One has to assemble only the mental images of such diverse things as the automobile, a steel plant against the evening sky, the Leviathan edging its way to the dock, the locomotive and the telephone, and then to contemplate the repetition of the construction and art of the thirteenth or other century, in our buildings, to realize that herein is incongruity.

Dissatisfaction with our age and its work is the requisite of growth, and I hold no brief for our follies and errors which, in justice to ourselves, I believe are no greater than those of other periods of history. The mediaevalist, it would seem, however, falls into the error of the neo-Greek. The foreshortening of the perspective of time eliminates the gross details which would mar the imagined picture of life which he has fashioned, not so much with regard to fact, as to his heart's desire. As an intellectual diversion, this viewpoint is at least harmless, but as a basis for the production of art it is obscurantic. Furthermore, its Catholicity surely is questionable. The Church is the Church of all time, including the present, and as it animated other ages and other arts, so it can, and will, animate them again, granting the devotion of artists who have the spirit and faith for the effort of creation. The way for art as for life must be forward, and contemplation of the future and its possibilities profits more than sentimentalizing over the ideality of the past and the lamenting of perfections which cannot be reproduced.

BARRY BYRNE.

REACTIONARY AND RADICAL

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Doctor McGowan apparently has misapprehended the purport of my questions respecting his "Catholic economic program."

They did not concern—or, at least they were not intended to concern—that class of economic proposals which depend upon voluntary action or require merely "permissive" legislation. What they did concern was that class of proposals which require "mandatory" legislation because they involve the compulsory transfer of either property rights or "economic power" from one person or class to another person or class, or because they require of one person or class a specified course of action, whether the subject of that legislation likes it or not.

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I hope that is clear. It is not a case of what we ought, as Catholics, to do ourselves, but what we are compelled, as Catholics, to demand that others shall do. Perhaps this may shed some light on my references to "minima" and strict justice.

If Dr. McGowan prefers to call his program "reactionary," so be it! I used the word "radical" in the sense in which most people seem to understand it.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

FOR A CORRECT HYMNOLOGY

Flushing, L. I.

TO the Editor:—I have been reading with great interest the article and the letters in The Commonweal on the Liturgical Movement. As the subject is so vast, and as most of the general suggestions that anyone will offer are unfortunately likely to be dismissd as impracticable, I wish to confine myself to one very definite and simple point.

It seems to be customary in America to substitute for the noble psalm, Laudate Dominum, Omnes Gentes, which is liturgically correct, the hymn, Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," which is the abomination of desolation. The first of its verse is disfigured by the false rhymes "domain" and "name;" and, as if this was not bad enough, we are encouraged to sing (or rather, to hear the choir sing) the line—"All on earth Thy sceptre claim"—which would be blasphemous were it not idiotic, for its only possible meaning is that every creature on earth is trying to usurp the sovereignty of God!

Could we not return to correct usage in this matter? And is it too much to hope that we who have at our disposal so magnificent a hymnology should abandon a drivel as low, if a trifle more pompous, as anything in Sankey and Moody's Sacred Songs and Solos?

THEODORE MAYNARD.

CONSECRATED EMOTION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—"Sursum Corda" indeed, in gratitude to Elisha Francis Riggs for his communication in your number of December 30. He has voiced the universal hope of a mute laity, too long tongue-tied on the subject of its right to share in the musical praises of God. Obviously, the sublime work of the great masters must be reserved for the ritual of the Mass and utilized by trained choirs—but O, Salutaris, Tantum Ergo, Holy God, and other measures of the Benediction belong to the people.

Added song services at holy hours and other occasions would be inspiring—even adoption of the time revered hymns used in all Christian churches would be welcome.

Emotional? Even so. Consecrated emotion often is a safety-valve for the soul. May the suggestion of Mr. Riggs to the Calverts take fire. May we have cathedral, church and chapel re-echoing God's songs by all His people in the United States, as they still do in old Provence and in many of the great corners of the old world, where piety still prevails among the chastened peoples!

ISABEL INEZ GARRISON.

DEFENDING THE ENEMY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I read R. Dana Skinner's criticism of The Enemy by Channing Pollock and am writing to say that I disagree with his view of the play. Mr. Skinner said in his article that the play was depressing through its lack of insight, trite superficiality, and also that Mr. Pollock made it impossible to shed tears over the misery of men and nations unless you catch a glimpse of why they are miserable and that he failed to do this.

The Enemy is not a perfect play by any means, it is true, and there is a certain amount of artificiality about it, but it gives a vivid picture of the effects of the war on the minds and lives of the people of Austria (the scene of the play) and shows how futile and terrible the sacrifices of the war proved to most people of that country outside of the profiteers. The play certainly makes an admirable appeal for world peace, and the effect on the audience is remarkably good from that standpoint.

It hardly seems fair because of certain defects in a play to sweepingly condemn it in every other respect.

SCHUYLER N. WARREN, JR.

CAN MORALS BE TAUGHT?

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—In the November number of The Forum appears an article by Arthur Corning White, described as a member of the English department of Dartmouth. The article takes the negative side of a debate on the question, Can Morals Be Taught? and I refer to it merely to quote one sentence from it, which gives the key to, and the animus of, the whole article. The sentence is this—"The college or university should not concern itself with striving to perpetuate a convention like pre-marital chastity."

I wonder what the Catholic parents, or any decent parents, who have sons at Dartmouth, will think when they read this doctrine printed openly, and when they reflect that if this much is said in public, how much more, and worse, is said in private. I wonder if they would feel their sons were safe in Mr. White's English class.

I wonder, too, what any reputable physician, or lawyer, or the mayor of any city would say to this teaching.

I wonder what the police, busily herding morons behind the bars, would have to say.

I wonder what anyone who loves America; anyone who realizes that the hope of the nation, its future vitality and intelligence, lie in its boys and girls, clean in soul and body—I wonder what such a one would answer to this dogma of Mr. White's.

Or rather, I do not wonder.

JOSEPH P. CONROY.

A CORRECTION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I wish to correct an error which occurred in the editorial, Women and Poverty, published in The Commonweal on December 9. I was quoted as having said that "the number of women now gainfully employed is 2,000,000, almost half of whom are in the manufacturing and mechanical industries."

The statement as originally made by me, read—"The 1920 census shows that there are almost 2,000,000 *married* women gainfully employed in the United States . . . and almost a *half a million of them* are in the manufacturing and mechanical industries."

I shall appreciate publication of this correction in your columns.

MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

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BOOKS

Parnell, by St. John Ervine. Boston: Little Brown and Company. $4.00.

NO PUBLIC man of western Europe, in our time at least, had a life that gives such scope for dramatic presentation as had Charles Stewart Parnell. Against a background of national misery and national aspiration he stands out as a figure that is also a portent. One recalls the portrait in the National Gallery in Dublin—and what a pity it has not been given as a frontispiece to this book instead of the dead-looking photograph that faces us as we open the cover—where he stands with sheet-lightning in his eyes and a bearing taut with defiance.

He dealt with the greatest of the world's parliaments; he triumphed over the greatest of the world's newspapers; he made himself the dictator of a proud and ragged people; he lost the great stakes he had played for because of his passion for a woman who was the wife of another man. Around him move famous personages and ambiguous men and women—Gladstone, O'Shea, husband of a faithless wife; Pigott, forger and devoted father; the brilliant but secondary men who made up the Irish Party at the time. He became a legend—like Finn MacCumhal, like King Arthur, like Charlemagne and Czar Lazar. His return was looked for by the people who had given him allegiance. And he attained to such power and such tragedy in sixteen years of combat.

It is fitting that a dramatist who also has the gift of narrative, should write the life of such a man. St. John Ervine has had a great theme given him and he has written on it entertainingly, movingly, brilliantly. It would be a grateful task to go on praising the high merits of a book on a great Irish leader written by one of the ablest and one of the most famous of Irish writers, but there is a defect in it, and that defect must, first of all, be dealt with frankly.

Just a little while ago, the then minister of education in the Irish Free State told us of the sort of rhetoric that would be indulged in the moment Irish culture was spoken of in connection with an Irish educational policy—"We shall hear about Firbolgs and gutturals and the brogue and potheen and Donnybrook Fair and so forth." It is precisely this sort of rhetoric that Professor MacNeill's fellow-Ulsterman, St. John Ervine, has fallen into in his Parnell. Even the word "Firbolg" is introduced. Then there are the beasts that creep out of the Celtic soul, and there is Celtic cruelty and all that sort of thing. St. John Ervine is provincial in Parnell.

And the pity of it is that the reading of a single book—Daniel Corkery's The Hidden Ireland, by revealing to him how ancient and how complex the ethnic tradition of Ireland is, would have helped him out of the provincial, would have saved him from a deal of rhetoric—the usual rhetoric indulged in by Irish writers who have taken a provincial standpoint and who view Ireland, not as the nation that it is but as the colony that they think it is. It is a pity to have to use space in dealing with such lapses, but the reviewer of a book as important as this has to show where allowances have to be made for the author's misconception and wrong information.

As an example of how far away from the facts of Irish history the use of this special rhetoric carries St. John Ervine, I instance his mention of Daniel O'Connell, of unnamed Irish bishops, and of Wolfe Tone. He contrasts the leaders of the Irish people taken from the "demesnes" with the leaders taken from the cabins. Amongst the leaders taken from the cabins is Daniel O'Connell, and amongst the leaders taken from the demesnes is Wolfe Tone.

Now leaving altogether out of account the political merits of O'Connell and of Parnell, it has to be said that in everything that is conventionally looked on as marking a gentleman, O'Connell was far beyond Parnell. He had an ancient ancestry—he was born to an estate and an acknowledged leadership; in his family there were famous European titles; he had an education that made the education of the Cambridge graduate merely elementary; his connections made him a man of the European world; his relations in the European services had court connections. As for Wolfe Tone he was a coachmaker's son, and his connection with the demesnes, if I remember a passage in his memoirs aright, was through his being born in a gate-lodge on some estate. A man can write a fine life of Parnell and make such mistakes, of course.

The reason why they are bad mistakes in this book is because they are not merely mistakes in fact—they illustrate mistakes in temper. "We have lived to see the assembled priests and bishops, aware of their impotence through their lack of moral courage, urging the Irish people not to commit unauthorized murders." This represents the temper that he so frequently allows to master him, the rhetoric into which he so often falls. Of course no bishop, letting alone "assembled priests and bishops" ever spoke of unauthorized murder. St. John Ervine got the phrase from Mr. Alison Phillips, who got it from the Unionist Irish Times, who got it from the same place that General Charteris got the cadavers that the Germans boiled down into fats.

It is not necessary to recapitulate in a review, the great and tragic story of the rise and downfall and death of the Wicklow squire who came to dominate both Ireland and the British Parliament. St. John Ervine has the knowledge, the insight and the art to make the great scenes live for us—Parnell in the House of Commons, at the Parnell commission, on Irish platforms, in the committee rooms, in the divorce court, on the platforms from which he makes his last appeal.

One persistent tradition is disposed of in this book. This is the legend that it was a denunciation of Parnell by the Catholic hierarchy which brought about his downfall. St. John Ervine shows that it was not the Irish Catholic but the English non-conformist outcry that put Parnell out of the political arena. "Dr. Walsh, the Archbishop of Dublin, suggested that Parnell might temporarily retire, not on moral grounds, but on grounds of expediency. At five great county conventions, where the attendance included more than a hundred priests, resolutions in favor of Parnell's continued leadership were passed."

A fine biography, indeed, in spite of the faults due to a too much indulged-in rhetoric—one cannot lay it down until one has read all through it. And there is a judgment, a generosity of feeling shown in the book that leaves one sure that Mr. St. John Ervine will one of these days, come to read some of the passages he has written with a wry face; indeed, he must know by this time that the historical situation is in contradiction to certain passages in his book. For example—

"We may doubt whether the Irish, to whom terror and intimidation and corrupt practice and mean bargaining are the instruments of government, are yet ready for any rule than that of stern dictation."

To this the amused Firbolgian Celt has only one word to say —"Remeis"—which means—"Nonsense, dear man, nonsense!"

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(The word has an impersonal quality; it suggests, not the nonsense of an individual, but a general, a cosmic nonsense by which an individual has become infected.)

PADRAIC COLUM.

Superstition or Rationality in Action for Peace? By A. V. Lundstedt. London: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.50.

WORLD peace is a subject of sufficient importance to enlist one's interest, and one necessarily approaches with a great deal of expectation a contribution from the pen of an eminent jurist such as one sees in an incumbent of the chair of civil and Roman law at the Royal University of Upsala, in this case Dr. Lundstedt, whose writings have caused lively discussion in his own country for the past five years.

It is a source of disappointment, therefore, to find that this book is devoted mainly to a criticism of domestic jurisprudence, with the subject indicated by the title placed in the background. As a fact, after reading the title, one is puzzled by the author's admission in his preface that "this book is intended as an attack on current theories of jurisprudence," written particularly for the benefit of the English speaking public. He seeks to justify this situation, however, by saying that in order fully to understand his criticism of the so-called law of nations "it is first of all necessary to obtain an insight into the deep-rooted fallacy of our current conceptions regarding existing law within a state on which domestic jurisprudence . . . is based."

Dr. Lundstedt, to say the least, is radical, and in his radicalism he makes a general appeal to rationality as contrasted with what he calls superstition of the legal profession in general. He makes quick work of existing ideas regarding the actual, fundamental basis of law. He rejects the notion of right as inalienably associated with man, asserting that individual right is merely an aspect of the protection afforded the individual by law. Similarly, he denies the objective reality of justice and morality. "The existence of actual facts corresponding to these conceptions (righteousness and justice) would presuppose that there was an objective norm according to which it could be decided what was per se 'righteous' and 'just.' Such a norm cannot, however, be found . . . Moral conceptions depend upon our feelings and emotions, and, therefore, are entirely subjective."

In vain does one look for the Professor's proof of such assertions; he is content to reiterate throughout his treatise that conceptions of this kind are superstitious. Or does he mean to strike a fatal blow at these conceptions in his argument against natural law? He tells us that natural law cannot be based on the rational and social nature of man, because if we search far enough back in time we shall come to a stage at which "the ancestors of both Romans and other peoples did not possess as much faculty of reason . . . as a crow or a sheep," and man finally became rational and social as a result of operation of laws which sprang from the needs of self-preservation. The fallacies of this argument are painfully obvious. If we accept theories of evolution, we admit that homo sapiens came into existence at a certain stage of development of his ancestors, and that from then on he had de facto a rational (including also social) nature, with regard to which an ultimate principle of fitness can be found, which we call natural law. The natural law, therefore, is founded on rational nature and discoverable by reason.

Having eliminated all objective conceptions of justice and right and the notion of natural law, Dr. Lundstedt continues, in a discussion of crime, punishment, and liability, to seek the true foundation of law. The idea that punishment and liability are founded on duty to the community he discards on the ground that this could be true only if we assume the existence of objective duty, which he calls "an absurd combination of two words, void of meaning." He holds that crime cannot be defined as an unlawful or wrongful act; it is simply an act which is punished. Nor is there a moral justification for punishment. Punishment is but an essential part of criminal law, or the sanction necessary to render it effective, and its objective, therefore, is the law-abiding citizen rather than the criminal, who is more or less a martyr for the good of the community. Much in the same manner he tries to show that liability to damages does not arise from the rights of individuals, since these are only an aspect of legal protection, nor from duty, but it merely serves as a necessary sanction of civil law. He further argues that criminal as well as civil and political law are based not on the state as a legal person, nor on the will of the people; they simply are implied in the existence of the community. The public welfare, therefore, is the sole basis of all law.

Having settled this question apparently to his own satisfaction, Dr. Lundstedt proceeds to apply his principles to international law. The law of nations, being founded on the phantom of natural law, is purely a fancy. Worse than so, "the law of nations has the same foundations today as it had when Grotius . . . brought out his famous work De iure belli ac pacis; nay, more, as it has had for about 2,000 years, ever since the time of Roman law," and yet "people continue to allow themselves to be influenced by superstitious ideas which are proved to be 2,000 years old." Apparently, according to the Professor, the antiquity of an idea is a measurement of its superstitiousness. Moreover, he states, a law of nations cannot possibly exist, because mankind is not organized into one community, and because the necessary sanction is lacking.

As Dr. Lundstedt rejects individual right except as an epiphenomenon of legal protection, so he denies the existence of right of states. So long as states claim rights, the only interpreter of its rights in any given issue will be the particular state itself, and war remains the only means of vindicating them. International justice then would be tantamount to right by might. Similarly, he rejects the idea that a nation should assume moral blame, or that it is liable to punishment or damages on account of injuries inflicted by its government or by private individuals on another nation or its representatives.

Dr. Lundstedt's criticism of the Geneva policy and of the League of Nations contains many points which are valuable if torn from the background of his unreasonable radicalism. To those who still cling to the ideas concerning the basis of law which the Doctor calls superstitious, the problem remains how international law may be enforced and administered peacefully. Dr. Lundstedt shows that we have not yet devised the mechanism by which this may be accomplished. He would substitute for the League of Nations as presently conceived "a world-social spirit which will drive out the chimera of right." The outcome of such a spirit would be "the legal organization of the United States of Europe and America." It may seem rather doubtful whether his plea for materialistic international communism will win a hearing before a people who have successfully built a federation of states on the very principles Dr. Lundstedt would destroy.

JOHAN LILJENCRANTS.

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Modernism and the Christian Church, by Francis Woodlock. London: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.25.

FATHER WOODLOCK'S little volume includes three lectures given in the Farm Street church in London in February, 1925. To these he has added an introduction and a concluding chapter on the prospects of Christian reunion. G. K. Chesterton contributes a preface which emphasizes some of Father Woodlock's points with characteristic acumen.

In his treatment of the modernist attitude toward the creeds, toward Christ, and toward miracles, Father Woodlock is dealing with views more or less familiar to all who have followed in the daily press the controversies that have marked the present crisis in Protestantism. The book's special value lies in its apt selection of quotations from leading modernists of the Anglican church and its American daughter (especially from Bishop Henson, Dean Inge, Dr. Kirsopp Lake, and Dr. Major) and in analyses of the chief modernist positions, as keen as they are succinct.

It is thus made clear that the modernist denial of miracles "precedes all exegesis," as Renan acknowledged years ago, and that when modernists say "a just God would not and could not autocratically break through the laws of nature . . . I cannot love God with my mind and at the same time believe that the laws of nature are ever violated," and so forth, they are speaking not as critics but as exponents of a philosophic school remarkable for its utter failure to appreciate the historic Christian conceptions of God and the miraculous. Such views applied to the gospels can only make a far-fetched pretense to genuine objectivity.

One is especially impressed with the completely dishonest character of the modernist effort to combine his belief in "a perfectly human, non-miraculous Christ," with acceptance of the creeds which Anglicanism still maintains. The meaning of the word "symbol" as "a test of orthodoxy" is by the modernist, as Father Woodlock says, "applied to the creed in the other sense in which it is opposed to literal truth and is often less significant than mere metaphor." The modernist then interprets every article "in accordance with the intellectual atmosphere he is breathing" and proceeds to describe himself as repeating "the ancient words ex animo." Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts actually argues that clergymen who cannot accept the virgin birth may "with honest heart" join in the recital of the creeds since these are concerned with essentials and the virgin birth is not to them an essential. Surely a more dishonest piece of sophistry never has been perpetrated by an honest man! The bishop's words sound as though they had been put in the mouth of a fictitious Jesuit by some unscrupulous controversalist of former days.

An incidental feature of Father Woodlock's discussions are the highly significant quotations showing the powerlessness of more conservative Anglicans to deal effectively with modernism, however much they may disagree with its excesses. Thus Bishop Gore calls the idea of faith "a basis of security in the strength of which it is probably good for every Christian to feel a certain amount of hesitation." Bishop Weldon, deprecating excommunication of the modernists in 1921 said—"I think their theory is wrong, but it may be right." And the late Bishop Potter of New York many years ago refused to sign a manifesto on the Incarnation "lest future generations might be hampered in their freedom of belief." It is obvious that men whose attachment to supernatural Christianity rests, after all, on a basis of uncertain opinion, however intense that attachment may be, can do nothing permanently effective toward the stemming of the rationalistic tide which is sweeping away so many of their brethren. The consequent necessity of an authorative and infallible Church should appeal to the "Anglo-Catholics" to whom Father Woodlock so charitably refers.

At the beginning of his first lecture Father Woodlock rightly declares that "a Catholic pulpit is protected from modernism." Some twenty years ago there was, humanly speaking, grave danger that this would not always be the case. The vigorous action of Pius X at that time was described as obscurantist and reactionary by nearly all Protestants but its necessity and its salutary nature hardly can fail to find recognition at the present among the more conservative of our separated brethren.

Father Woodlock has illustrated his discussions by quotations from several modernistic writers such as Loisy, Le Roy and Tyrrell. The abortive movement led by these men and others, would have reduced the Church, as the Pope clearly saw, to "a broad and liberal Protestantism," as Jansenism represented an attempt to infect the Church with the Protestantism of an earlier age. Had the author of the present work found it possible to include a chapter on the views which brought forth the encyclical, Pascendi, the parallels would have been interesting and the moral impressive, but as it is, the little work is of interest to all intelligent Catholics and a fitting companion to the same author's earlier volume, Constantinople, Canterbury and Rome.

At the beginning of the book, two quotations are juxtaposed by what is well nigh a stroke of genius. They are—

"Either he should discover or be taught the truth about these questions: or if this is impossible, I would have him take the best and most irrefragable of human theories, and let this be the raft upon which he sails through life, not without risk, as I admit, unless he can find some Word of God which will carry him more surely and safely." (Plato's Phaedo, 85. Jowett's translation.)

"And The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, and we saw His glory, as it were of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." (Saint John, 1.)

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

The Book of American Negro Spirituals, edited with an introduction by James Welden Johnson; musical arrangements, by J. Rosamond Johnson. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50.

JAMES WELDEN JOHNSON, secretary of The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, editor of The Book of American Negro Poetry, and a student of music has ably edited this book of spirituals. The music has been arranged by J. Rosamond Johnson, composer and vaudevillian. James Welden Johnson's introduction is interesting and scholarly. Quoting as he does from a poem used some years ago in The Century he shows himself a poet on his own account—

> "O black and unknown bard of long ago,
> How came your lips to touch the sacred fire?
> How in your darkness did you come to know
> The power and beauty of the minstrel's lyre?"

He proceeds to answer this with the reasonable explanation that the spirituals were the outgrowth of the slaves' passionate need for a saving faith. To quote Mr. Johnson—"Here they were cut off from the moorings of their native culture, scattered without regard to their tribal relations, having to learn a new language and adjust themselves to a completely alien

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civilization and held under an increasingly harsh system of slavery." Christianity, with its promise of future compensation for the ills of this life was a glorious hope that to reject was spiritual suicide.

How fully adequate was Christianity to that bewildered, estranged race is proven by the fact that the negro could accept it at all—"this religion so different from that practised by those who introduced him to it!" This last observation is the only one in the essay that smacks of resentment—and certainly it is a not unnatural resentment nor yet an unsound statement.

One can imagine the joy with which the negro first heard of the enslavement and deliverance of the Jews. If God delivered the Jews in their hard case would He not, in His own good time, deliver the black race, "Aunt Hagar's children" as the negroes styled themselves?

Naturally of a dramatic temperament, naturally musical, is it any wonder that they sang of Moses leading the chosen people across the Red Sea, of Daniel in the lion's den, of Jacob's ladder, and Joshua at Jericho? These songs were the negro's religion and his recreation and the only property he could hand down to his children. When one considers these things it is more understandable how he produced "a body of songs voicing all the cardinal virtues of Christianity —patience, forebearance, love, faith, and hope."

There was in the old days—and still is to some extent today—an established order of bards who were paid in food and clothing much as the preacher was paid. The singer traveled from one community to another teaching his songs which were partly his own, partly inherited from his fathers, and partly the contribution of each new singer. He became especially prominent at camp meetings where, in later days, he had his songs printed and sold them for five cents a copy. The songs were added to until they frequently reached the mythical "hundred verses." Many new lines were added during a revival, when the need was felt to keep up the singing unbroken until a sinner was brought to conversion.

The African's conception of music is rhythm, not melody, but in his new home the negro learned melody. However, it is the keeping of a peculiar rhythm, which he accentuates with the patting of hands and feet or swaying of the body, that marks the American negro's music as his own. "In form the spirituals run strictly parallel with African songs, incremental leading lines and choral iteration."

Mr. Johnson points out the kinship of Spanish and African music, both having a strongly marked rhythm, the Spanish also beating out their rhythm with the feet in dancing. This use of the hands and feet for marking rhythm is, of course, to some degree, characteristic of all folk dancing.

Immediately following emancipation, the spirituals, so clearly an outgrowth of slavery, fell into disregard. Reaching dimly for equality, the negro felt he must be like the white man. After the war, agents for gospel hymn books reaped a harvest from the new free man.

Fiske, the university for the colored man, made the first effort to recapture the racial songs. Touring the country to arouse interest in their race and raise money for their university, the Fiske Jubilee Singers gave concerts consisting chiefly of negro songs. Now, with colored artists like Roland Hayes, Paul Robeson and Mary Anderson (the latter with the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra) the spirituals are enjoying a great—and highly deserved—vogue.

DOROTHY THOMAS.

Walsh from 1170 to 1690, by J. C. Walsh. New York: Kelmscott Press. $5.00.

THE extent and reach, high and low and far and wide, of a primitive stock like that of the Walshes may be estimated from a retort made by a Mr. Walsh to one of the prominent members of the Welch family of Philadelphia, whose eyelids fluttered peculiarly when mention was made of a family connection. "You know how to pronounce our name," he said, "but we know how to spell it." Walsh, Welsh, Wallis and even Valois are only some of the more obvious cognomens of the "nation," whose Gaelic name is Brenagh, while many real Walshes are concealed under the names of Holden and Howel.

The descendants of this Anglo-Norman-Irish family founded in Erin in 1170 by three Welsh knights, Philip, David, and Geoffrey, may well be proud of a long list of achievements, great wealth, spreading estates and lordly castles denoting the power of the barons and chieftains "of the Mountain," "of the Island," and the south of Ireland, with important connections with the greater Irish and Norman families and the rulers of Church and state for some four centuries down to the ruthless confiscations by the English toward the end of the seventeenth century.

Mr. J. C. Walsh, with a restrained hand, traces the fortunes of some of these banished chieftains in their careers in Austria, France, and Spain. They became and were acknowledged as "more Irish than the Irish themselves." It is more than a mere service to private vanities that the author renders in this really fine book, interesting as it is to all Walshes, dear to the large number whose "mother was a Walsh," and important to all Americans who will remember what Mr. Walsh overlooks, that it was the regiment de Walsh which entered our country at an eventful moment at the siege of Yorktown on board the fleet of Admiral de Grasse.

Mr. Walsh's book closes with the date, 1690, which precludes a mention of the more modern exploits of this practical and at the same time highly literary "nation" of the Walshes; our folklorists should be told that this is one of the few ancient families who can lay an established claim to the possession of a Banshee; and a perusal of this volume with its views of fine old castles, genealogies and Latin documents will foster a pride of race and a sense of dignity that will not harm too many of our Americans of Irish extraction.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Commandments of Men, by William Henry Moore. Toronto: Oxford Press.

MR. MOORE is a protagonist of minorities. In his first book, The Clash, he championed French Canadians; in The Commandments of Men he pleads for that most neglected of all minorities, the individual. He preaches the gospel of man, rather than that of men.

"In vain do they worship me—teach for doctrines, the commandments of men." This text is the hinge on which Mr. Moore's logic swings. He argues that the commandments of men have (in America at least) crowded out the commandments of God, with the result that freedom has been curtailed and individual effort hampered.

The author's shafts are many-pointed and varied, but they are not shot at random. We who seek for our social hobbies, the backing of a benevolent lunching club, or the support of a "lodge" or "court," will squirm as we read. And those of us who would acquit our obligations to charity by membership in an "alphabetic society" will, if honest, ejaculate "touché!"

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Regarding "alphabetic societies" the arguments are at once sound and amusing. For instance—"The W. C. T. U. may rustle its skirts and wipe its spectacles askance at the doings of the K. K. K.; the B. L. F. & E. may thank God every night it prays that it is not like that vicious yegg, the I. W. W.; but we will find that both direct and indirect coercions emanate from the same source, run much the same course, with the same results so far as freedom of the individual is concerned."

On the clerical coercionist the comment is—"While the parson's right hand is pointing sternly toward the prison cell, his left hand seems to be but falteringly raised toward Heaven." And of compulsion we are told that "the 'good' that is raised by compulsion will not stay up, and the 'evil' that is suppressed by it will not stay down."

Thus, with a firm hand directed by a twinkling eye, does Mr. Moore uncover the faults of a society-ridden society.

HARRY BALDWIN.

The Scourge of Villanie (1599) by John Marston; Observations in the Art of English Poesie (1602) by Thomas Campion; A Defense of Ryme (1603) by Samuel Daniel. Edited by G. B. Harrison. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50 each.

THIS excellent series of Elizabethan reprints is as interesting in its period and as worthy of attention as Dutton's more popular Today and Tomorrow series. The manner of life and spirit of the age are revealed in these soundly edited pamphlets. Those of Greene, Nashe and Henri Chettle, already reprinted, have proven provocative and informing. In Marston's The Scourge of Villanie, we have a series of satirical portraits in verse, which are the forerunners of the satire of Dryden and Pope. Marston's satire gives insight into the Elizabethan mind; it parades the ideas and manners, then of general appeal. These pamphlets served to the Elizabethans, the place now taken by our newspapers and periodicals. Here, we can observe their interest in romance turn jaded, and become supplanted by sex and psychology.

In Campion and Daniel may be observed the turn from the exuberance of life—the gusto that swept through the first lyric song of the period—to the critical turn of mind, which fell to examining into the art of poetry. Campion's observations were in the way of an experiment. They called forth Daniel's rejoinder, which was distinctive from the others by its courteous and civil tone, and which set it apart from the general note of abuse that pervades these pamphlets.

EDWIN CLARK.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Isabella Stewart Gardner and Fenway Court, by Morris Carter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.00.

THE story of a strong-willed woman of wealth and the group which many interests combined to gather around her, makes up the splendid memorial volume, Isabella Stewart Gardner, prepared by Mr. Morris Carter. We are told all that could be considered remarkable about this vigorous personality: a great deal about her family history and her claims of descent from the Bruces and Stuarts of Scotland: very little, indeed, is said about the family descent of her wealthy Boston husband, John L. Gardner. Her biographer rises to a climax where he declares that "endowed with those gifts of fascination and charm for which the crowned Stuarts were famous, Mrs. Gardner happily was not shadowed by their ill-fortune." She lived to old age, collecting with more or less taste and acumen the bric-a-brac and works of art of Europe. She was a dominating force in Boston, rather eccentric as well as at the same time dominated by the clever hangers-on of people of great wealth.

Norway, by G. Gathorne Hardy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

A REALLY excellent study of the hardy little kingdom of Norway is that issued in The Modern World series by G. Gathorne Hardy, who has shown his fitness to handle the questions of these northern nations in his earlier work, the Norse Discovery of America. Mr. Hardy faces a highly sensitized people with the mind of a philosopher and friend, giving us interesting and at times profound chapters on Norwegian national development, the Swedish union, the language question, religion and education, and a fine study of the Bonde, the Norwegian farmer folk. The love of the Norseman for his native soil, his persistent delving into his past and his preference for the historical even in his fiction—the desire that Norway shall be an individual, not a submerged element of a Scandinavian federation, are all clearly outlined and explained in a very attractive style.

Early Poems and Stories, by William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE fifth volume in the new definitive edition of the work of William Butler Yeats contains not only the early poems, some of which he never surpassed in years of more formal composition, but also the majority of fresh and naïve studies of Irish life and literature that illuminate the enthusiasm and glow of youth in the poet's prose. Mr. Yeats may have written more correctly as the years advanced, but it seems to us that in such poems as the Wanderings of Usheen he rendered his dream in fullness and vigor, fragmentary yet pulsing with the sunset glints of his best vision.

De Consolatione Philosophiae of Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius, by Adrian Knoppesford Bowles Fortescue. London: Burns Oates and Washbourne. 12/6.

THE great work of Boethius appears in a remarkably fine edition prepared by the scholarly Adrian Fortescue and after his death issued, in token of memorial, by Dr. George Smith of Saint Edmund's College, Old Hall, Ware. The text follows the edition of Rudolf Peiper, with the corrections of August Engelbrecht, making a very superior volume for the scholar who retains his Latin, and for those who like a handsome text.

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THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Tittivillus," said Dr. Angelicus, austerely surveying the boy who had entered the library, pale and wan, as well as late, "I fear you spend your evenings dancing. Such frivolous employment of your spare time will not carry you far on the literary career I once hoped might be yours. In place of the discordant strains of a jazz band every evening, the flowing periods of Cicero should echo in your ears. You should go to night school."

"Haven't you read," replied Tittivillus, "what Professor McDuff of England, a lecturer at Armstrong College, recently said of education? He stated that 'the world is not organized or prepared for a much higher level of intelligence than it already has,' declaring that even the small percentage of children who go through secondary schools have great difficulty in getting suitable employment in which they can use their higher education. No, Doctor, no night school for me. This is a practical world, for which my grammar-school education has eminently fitted me. Besides, I'm too busy learning to Charleston."

"My boy, you grieve me," said the Doctor soberly. "Don't you put any value on education?"

"How can I?" replied Tittivillus. "You know yourself no two people agree about it. The columns of the press overflow with criticisms of it. It seems much wiser to me, if I am going to be educated, to wait until education has been improved to a point where all criticism would be unnecessary. In the meantime I am learning to be a very good dancer."

"Apropos of education," said Primus Criticus, "I have here an anonymous article entitled Three Thoughts on Education, which was sent to me recently after I had made a speech on the value of education at a certain college. It would indicate that there is something in what Tittivillus says."

"Read it to us," said Tittivillus, encouraged, so Primus Criticus began—

" 'By their fruits ye shall know them. The trouble with the American college is the alumni thereof. They put up football as a fetish; they bow down before it; they connive to better it; they shout hallelujahs in admiration of it; they reward their holy gladiators later on with handsome jobs as bond-salesmen.

" 'But who ever heard of the alumni of any institution putting their combined shoulders to the wheel—working as an organization—to better the things of the mind? Or worrying themselves sick over intellectual decay within the walls of their alma mater? Who ever heard of an alumni association patting the arts on the back? Or crying a choral hallelujah over the young man who has achieved a record in scholarship, debating, or dramatic art?

" 'To remedy the lamentable condition of the academic structure, it is said that one must go to the foundations: we say—'take the elevator to the roof!' Let every college do away with its alumni. Or let every association of alumni voluntarily commit corporate suicide.

" 'By all means, let us start at the capstone of the educational edifice, and cure the mental inadequacy of the American college by lopping its top off!' "

❦ ❦ ❦

"Now you see, Doctor," cried Tittivillus, "that one of the evils of education is that it involves the necessity of becoming a member of an alumni association. What else does the anony-

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mous author say to prove that Dr. Angelicus is mistaken?"

Primus Criticus continued—"'One can hardly reprove the college boy for waxing wroth at the thought of compulsory study. What did he come to college for?

"'The advertising medium of his chosen institution, the drawing-card which has trebled the registration and enabled its professors to be paid as well as if they were plumbers, is, solus-bolus, its superlative football team. He comes here, quite naturally, expecting to play on said team, or—at least and at most—to cheer it on to victory. And now they want him to study—which is absurd.

"'It is as if he were a sailor, enticed to enlistment by recruiting posters of colorful Hawaiian beaches, only to be pressed permanently into service in the drab cook's galley of a New England naval station. No wonder the student resents the daily dose of learning. Really, he might with reason sue the trustees for fraud.

"'In any event, you can depend on him to upset the equipoise of the debating society's next meeting, by introducing the resolution at once pert and pertinent—'Resolved:—That not only studies, but study, should be made elective.'"

"I don't know now whether education is such a bad thing after all," said Tittivillus, reflectively. "Read the conclusion."

"'Teachers,' went on Primus Criticus, 'must organize. Not against the trustees for higher wages (although that is a desideratum) but against the students in the cause of increased study. For to be for them, one must be against them. One and all most be against them—to be effective, the unanimous teaching body much organize—form a union that will show a bold front to its browbeating scholars.

"'Under the present reign of terror, no pedagogue dares to pluck as many students as he actually deems unfit. And for good reason. If he did so, he would be dismissed as incompetent; if everyone of his colleagues so acted, his school would lose to a more indulgent alma mater, maybe half its pupils; the revenues in consequence would be desperately depleted; the salaries of the professors would have to be cut; and the wolf would howl long and loud and hungrily at the dean's door.

"'Under the present elastic scholastic sway, nearly all students are retained save the obvious moron and the hopeless incorrigible. In an examination in his elected subject, any examiné can present the craziest patchwork of scraps and shreds of knowledge, and it will be accepted for the whole cloth of learning. Trust the youth, fairly aware of this condition as well as possessing a subconscious notion of the reason therefor, to make his division of labor and play accordingly.

"'But the cure is as sure as it is obvious. Teachers must organize a sout-hearted band of resistance; to back them up, there must be a union of deans; to back up the deans, there must be an American Federation of Academic Labor, dictated to by the College-President Trust of the world. Thus, the undiligent scholar, every avenue of escape closed to him, turn to what school he may, seeing hard work ahead of him, will doubtless apply himself thenceforth with great practicality to his task; and our educational fabric will begin to loom in his straightened vision as something infinitely bigger than a mammoth athletic gymnasium—something profoundly more serious than a paradise for the frivolities of adolescence.'"

"Too much learning is a dangerous thing, after all," declared Tittivillus decisively, as he reached for his dancing shoes.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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